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7
ESSAYS, TALES,

AND

Poems,

BY

T. S. MORGATE.

Veniam petimus damusque vicissim.

K.
Horac.

—
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7

ESSAYS, TABLES,

AND



1793

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ESSAYS, &c.

Introductory.

AT a time when political discussion engages every attention; when the rights of the people and the measures of the cabinet are dictatorially canvassed in every domestic conversation; when the operations of almost every power in Europe unite to form an interesting topic for the day, and a lucrative employment for the press; it is probably somewhat unseasonable and imprudent to usher into the world a trifling volume of Essays, utterly irrelevant to the great affairs in which nations are employed.

But there may be some kind souls, disgusted with the melancholy catalogue of horrors which the contending

armies have so repeatedly afforded, who may be glad to rest their minds upon some peaceful subject, and seek an asylum for their shattered feelings in forgetfulness. To such this publication is addressed; and one recommendation, from its very nature, it may surely claim without much arrogance—variety. The hoary philosopher may forget his years and his infirmities in a tale; and the whole body of rabbinical divinity may peaceably slumber, while the splenetic theologian is accompanying the genius of Poetry to the gay court of the Muses.

However, as Sterne, after having told us that the moment love has lighted a flame in his bosom, he is all generosity and good will, and would do any thing in the world for or with any one, concludes—‘ But saying this—sure I ‘ am commending the passion—not ‘ myself’—so let it be remembered, in exculpation of any charge which

may be brought against me of vanity, that my eulogium is on the capability for affording amusement, which such heterogeneous publications may possess, rather than on the amusement which is likely to be afforded by the present.

The limits of an essay, moreover, are fortunately somewhat circumscribed; therefore the reader who is not pleased with one, feels the double consolation that he may probably be more entertained with the next, and has not to traverse over the formidable wilds of a folio, in either.

I may possibly be accused of having unreasonably extended these happy boundaries, however, in that paper which treats on animal and vegetable life. But whoever reflects for a moment how unlimited is the analogy which subsists between them, and how much more easy it would have been to have filled a volume with the inquiry, than it was to compress it within

the compass of an essay, will readily subscribe a pardon—and add a vote of thanks, perhaps, for my conciseness. The subject is a speculative one, and in its own nature incapable of demonstration; it is therefore treated with diffidence, and the essay is consigned to its fate with the most trembling solicitude. Observation and experiment will lead to some probable conclusion, and the authorities are faithfully stated. For my own part, I pledge myself (and nobody will be inclined to dispute my veracity) that personally I have made every experiment and observation—which the luxuriant vegetation of Cheapside would afford me.

As to the stories, they were crudely imagined on the spur of the occasion, round a comfortable fire, where each told his tale ‘of most disastrous chances’ to cheat a winter’s evening of an hour: and I hope the most rigid moralist will acknowledge it to have been a very

pardonable theft—it was but retaliation—for a winter's evening steals many an hour from us!

Contrary to my original intention, I have once ventured the discussion of a political question; but as it has no reference to particular men, nor particular measures, and is a question of general policy, it is not, perhaps, totally repugnant to the plan I had proposed, of avoiding any disquisition of such a nature. For I am well aware, that in the present times, what is called a moderate man, has much more to apprehend from the intemperance of both sides, than the blind but zealous partizan of either; he has probably to combat the sentiments of two opposite parties, and it is a lamentable fact, that controversy has a more frequent tendency to confirm, than to weaken, any particular prejudice. We are too ingenious in finding out arguments to support any favorite hypothesis; we

‘pick up an opinion as a man in a state
 ‘of nature picks up an apple—it be-
 ‘comes his own—and if he is a man
 ‘of spirit’—in the quaint irony of
 Sterne—‘he would rather lose his life
 ‘than give it up—’ As the circle,
 moreover, in so miscellaneous a produc-
 tion, is too contracted to admit of much
 intense and serious investigation, it is
 scarcely worth while to quarrel with
 any class of readers in consideration
 of the good which such a discussion
 might produce, even if conducted with
 coolness and with candor; two quali-
 fications which on some subjects and
 at some seasons, may desert the mildest
 of us!

My indignation, I confess, is roused
 when I behold the finest talents per-
 verted to the basest and most abomi-
 nable purposes; when I reflect on that
 gross inconsistency of conduct, that pu-
 sillanimous and detestable dereliction
 of principle, which some of our greatest
 personages unblushingly display; on

that paltry temporising spirit which can accommodate itself to any men however degenerate, to any measures however unjust, which interest or ambition may suggest. Conscience ! but there are men—with sorrow be it spoken—there are men, who cure, like the sting of the tarantula, the pungency of conscience, with dancing and with music !

But I am unwarily entering on the very subject I had determined to avoid. Little remains to be added in the present introductory essay, but to beg a frequent recollection of the motto prefixed to the volume : VENIAM PETIMUS, DAMUSQUE VICISSIM.* For though, I would not ‘ go fifty miles on foot, even with Yorick, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart,’ and I should have added—whose weak head—‘ will give up the reins of his imagination into

* We claim indulgence, and in return we give it.

' his author's hands—be pleased, he
 ' knows not why and cares not where-
 ' fore,' yet would I willingly go fifty
 miles out of my way on foot—and
 by myself—to avoid that man, whose
 churlish and unmusical disposition is
 disposed to cavil at every sentence
 he reads, and who makes a point of
 being disgusted—he knows not why and
 cares not wherefore—. Yet there are
 men of this propensity; men who would
 travel from the mouth of the Ganges
 to the shores of the Atlantic, from the
 deserts of Scythia to the sands of Arabia,
 ' and exclaim, 'tis all barren;' in other
 words, who would travel from one end
 of a volume to the other—from one
 end of a library to the other, and
 scarcely find one solitary sentence of
 amusement, unless it be amusement to
 censure and depreciate.

Peace be to them, and may they find
 in others that candor which has fled
 from their own breasts!

On Emigration.

There are certain men in all countries that are either of unsettled dispositions, or of so active and enterprising ones, that they will not stay at home; some, though honest, are too poor to live well in a dear country; others fly from home, because if they staid, they would be either hanged or starved—in a word, Emigration is not only constant but necessary.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

WHEN the tide of emigration is rolling from this country to America, with increasing fullness and rapidity; when virtue, industry, and talent, are daily welcomed with acclamation on the shores of the Delaware; a calm discussion on the moral rectitude or impropriety of relinquishing the land of our nativity, either from dissatisfaction with our own government, the anticipation of an ameliorated condi-

tion under that to which we direct our course, or whatever other inducement; such a discussion must be acknowledged interesting in a speculative view, and of paramount importance as the consequent decision may influence our action.

It were easy to indulge a propensity for declamation; to descant on the cowardice of deserting our country when every exertion in defence of her liberties is loudly demanded; it were easy to swell the page with a pompous panegyric on ancient patriotism, and deprecate its degeneracy in modern times; to hover in imagination over the plains of Marathon or the straits of Thermopylæ, and bow with enthusiastic adoration to the shade of a Miltiades or Leonidas;—I shall content myself, however, with a more humble employment, and dispassionately make a few observations on the probable effect of emigration, in the first place, as it re-

spects the country emigrated from ; secondly, the country emigrated to ; and in the third place, the two countries considered together, and the world at large.

I. It is supposed that the exportation of manufacturers is accompanied with the exportation of the manufacture in which they were employed. The supposition is founded on truth, and this has been alleged as a most potent argument against the cruelty of impoverishing the country where we first drew our breath, and to which we are indebted for every comfort we have enjoyed.

But let it be recollected, that when a manufactory has once taken root, it is not easily eradicated ; it may be mutilated, its growth may be checked, and its produce may be diminished ; these, however, are temporary inconveniences, and ultimately operate as an incentive to nourish it with increasing

care and attention; thus its strength soon becomes renovated, and it flourishes in pristine vigor.

Perhaps the most serious emigration that has taken place since the wanderings of the Scythian hordes; certainly the most populous that modern times have witnessed; was that which happened in France about a century ago, when Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantz, which had been enacted by Henry IV. for the security of Protestants in the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion. Above half a million of subjects deserted France, and with themselves, exported their arts and manufactures.*

This was undoubtedly a ruinous and melancholy circumstance; and it must have required a long time to have obliterated the injury; but the injury has been obliterated, and manufactures,

* Hume's England.

since that time, have been as flourishing in France, as they ever were before it.

In fact, if the knowledge of any manufactory be diffused among a people, that knowledge will not flee its country, till the whole people shall have fled and taken it with them; if it be worth cultivation, it will be cultivated.

But we are taking the most unfavourable view of the subject; we suppose that the manufacturing part of the community, in a general disposition to emigrate, will be the first to indulge it; but this part, of all others, is the least likely; for nothing but the most urgent necessity or violent oppression, will induce a man in any respectable and lucrative situation, to relinquish it on a mere speculative and visionary allurements; the proud amor patriæ, the attachment of friends, 'the possession and enjoyment of property, these,' in the words of Mr. Gibbon, 'are the

‘pledges which bind a civilized people
 ‘to an improved country.’ A mer-
 chant on board his own rich vessel
 would be the last to leave her in a
 storm. It is that unindustrious and
 unsettled class of people, ‘whose room,’
 to use a vulgar phrase, ‘is better than
 ‘their company,’ who feel the propen-
 sity to wander from their native home;
 and let me ask, what good end would
 be obtained by preventing them?

Political sentiments, generally speak-
 ing, are more likely to excite a desire
 for emigration, than any other single
 cause. But no one would leave his
 country on account of these, who was
 not dissatisfied with the government
 under which he lived; and any com-
 pulsory method of restraining emi-
 gration in such a case, appears to me
 highly unjust and highly impolitic.

If it is not worth while to check
 any abuse or soften any severity which

may have caused dissatisfaction, the mal-effect of emigration cannot be so serious as is generally pretended. Government ought rather to rejoice—with what degree of malignity or benevolence, I am not bound to determine—that such persons have conquered the native attachment to their country, and have left those who reap the benefits of such abuses, or are exempt from the effects of such severities, in the undisturbed enjoyment of their tranquillity and happiness.

One single historical fact—and a very curious one it is—will be sufficient, I think, to satisfy the most obstinate sceptic of its impolicy. A ne exeat regnum was fatal to Charles the first. ‘Eight ships were detained by order of counsel; in these were embarked, Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hambden, John Pym, and OLIVER CROMWELL, who had resolved for

‘ever to abandon their native country
 ‘and fly to the other extremity of the
 ‘globe.’*

—Mr. Hume’s reflection is apt enough.
 ‘The king had afterwards full leisure
 ‘to repent this exercise of his autho-
 ‘rity.’

As the populousness of a country
 has often been regarded as the criterion,
 or rather as the cause of its prospe-
 rity, emigration in diminishing the one,
 operates a proportionate diminution of
 the other.

In reply to this objection, I would
 observe, that if by its situation, its fer-
 tility, or the industry of its inhabitants,
 a country has been proved capable of
 maintaining a certain number of people,
 that number, by whatever accident di-
 minished, as it leaves a greater encou-
 ragement to population, will soon be

* Hume’s England, vol. VI. p. 309.—Read the
 note.

supplied. Plagues, devastation and war, with respect to the populousness of nations, have only a temporary effect.*
 † Every species of animals, says Dr. Adam Smith, 'naturally multiplies in proportion to the means of their subsistence, and no species can ever multiply beyond it;† Dr. Priestley, however, is unwilling to admit this, and says, that the extreme of population is far from being desirable;‡ he mentions the inconveniences, to use the mildest expression, experienced by the Chinese; and, undoubtedly, if the number of inhabitants within the walls of Pekin, Nanking and Canton, be not materially exaggerated, an European can scarcely conceive the possibility of their subsistence. For my own part, however, I cannot help laying it down as an irrefragable axiom, that where

* Priestley on History, quarto ed. p. 468.

† Wealth of Nations, Vol. I. p. 121.

‡ Priestley on History, quarto ed. p. 468.

there is life there is a preponderance of happiness.* No human being, but in the course of his existence, has experienced more happiness than misery: the discussion of this question, however, is foreign to the present purpose.

II. Let us, in the second place, briefly consider the effects of emigration on the countries to which it is directed.

Those manufactures which before, perhaps, were confined to a narrow spot of ground; which were probably the exclusive possession of an individual country; are now transplanted into various other soils where they have hitherto been unknown, and are thence diffused through an extent of region inconceivably expansive.

In the emigration before referred to of the French protestants, upwards of

* I would particularize human life, the observation I fear cannot be extended to the animal creation.

fifty thousand manufacturers enriched England;* it is to the revocation of the edict of Nantz that we are indebted for our Spital-fields colony; Venice was enriched with a silk manufactory by the celebrated leader of the Ghibelline party Castruccio Castracani; nine hundred families were driven out of Lucca by the tyranny of that man, many of which retreated to Venice, and there began their employment. The Greeks received their arts of elegance and utility from the emigration of Egyptians; by the Greeks they were communicated to the Romans; and from Italy they have visited every European nation. It may be added, that America is not a little indebted to the emigration of Puritans.

When a large body of men emigrate from one to any other country, agriculture must be extended and im-

* Hume.

proved; it is absolutely indispensable that all waste lands, or rather unproductive soil, should be taken into cultivation, and every possible method be adopted to render it productive. But, where this is the case, there must necessarily be a demand for workmen, and where there is a demand for workmen, the wages of labor must be proportionably high, and where labor is well rewarded, population will always increase; for 'a numerous family instead of being a burden is a source of opulence and prosperity to their parents,' and 'the value of children is the greatest of all encouragements to marriage;*' and it was before observed that the quantum of happiness is proportionate to the increase of life. For the truth of these observations I would appeal to the present state of America, to which country emigration

* Smith's Wealth of Nations, b. I. ch. 8.

has of late been very considerably directed. It is a fact of indisputable notoriety, that agriculture, population, and happiness are daily increasing there with the most enviable rapidity.

III. In the third place, I would make a few observations respecting the effects of emigration on the two countries considered together and the world at large.

Emigration reciprocally communicates to each nation the language of the other; by this mean it opens a channel for, and facilitates (if I may be allowed the conceit) the navigation of art, of science, and of commerce; it promotes a general acquaintance with men and manners; and by dissipating the prejudices it enlarges the views of man. The formation of alliances, moreover, by intermarriages between persons of different nations has a tendency to create that friendship which would soon become extensive, and might be

universal; the rape of the Sabines by the treachery of infant Rome, was forgotten in the tender embraces of the husband; forgiven in the occupations of the mother and the wife; and the pardon was sealed by the united reign of Romulus and Tatius. War might become an antiquated employment; dead in the minds of men, or remembered only, like the games of the amphitheatre and the pageantry of the tournament, with horror and disgust.* The possibility of piercing with every bayonet the breast of a relation and a friend, might cool the heated blood of heroism, and the reason of the man might victoriously combat the insanity of the warrior.

But it is said we owe a debt of gratitude to our country which can never be cancelled, and to desert it on any account is unjustifiable and base.

* This is the reason why monarchs, ministers and courts, are so averse from it.

For my own part, I confess, I never looked upon it in so odious a light. Our country is to the world at large, what a city or a county is to our country; and we should smile at the childish attachment of any man to the particular spot of ground in which he happened to be born; who would not emigrate from his native hamlet to a neighboring village; who would not fly from the tyranny of his own corporation town, to enjoy a greater share of independence in some other. But the principle is exactly the same: and I would ask, what other difference than the distance can be pointed out, between crossing a river which divides two counties, and an ocean which divides two kingdoms? The world itself is but a state, of which the different continents, empires, and kingdoms that compose it, are so many counties, towns and boroughs; compared to the

vast empire of the solar system,—the very world is but a hamlet!

The obligations which a man is under to his native town, are perhaps greater in proportion than those which he is under to the rest of his country; he can quit the one without danger of reproach; let him but emigrate from the other, he is a coward, a deserter, and every thing which the most invective obloquy can conceive.

But the word ‘obligation’ is wretchedly prostituted or misapprehended with regard to our country, ‘that we have breathed her air and been received into her bosom seems no great matter of obligation; it is rather a debt owing to the Author of nature than to her: the nurture and education we have had are the gifts of our parents. We have been protected by the public force; but of this force, we ourselves, either by our persons or our

' contributions, have formed a part ;
 ' and if we have only been secured in
 ' the enjoyment of such advantages as
 ' the labor of our head or hands might
 ' reasonably entitle us to, we may fairly
 ' be reckoned to have balanced ac-
 ' counts with our country.* But in
 another part of the same letter, Dr.
 Aikin pertinently asks, ' Does not
 ' country comprehend all those indi-
 ' viduals, to whom we lie under every
 ' obligation that one human being can
 ' incur to another ?' Here, indeed, is a
 different subject ; but these obligations
 and these attachments to individuals
 will undoubtedly operate in proportion
 to their force ; if they are weak in
 themselves, their operation will and
 ought to be so.

I shall conclude with observing,
 (however dissonant may be the obser-
 vation to the ear of patriotism) that the

* Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son, lett. 27.

love of our country more generally requires to be repressed than encouraged. Were a band of Russian soldiers to have deserted from the army of the northern fiend, and panting for the liberty of Poland to have joined the forces of Kosciusko or Madalinski, and carried arms into the bosom of their own country—who is there with the common feelings of humanity that would not have applauded such patricidal heroism? Our country can only have a right to expect defence, when the cause in which she is engaged is good; and to do good is a duty paramount and antecedent to all others.

The love of our own, frequently generates a despicable hatred against, and jealousy of, other countries; it has taught us with unparalleled impiety, to believe that the common parent of universal nature, has created an instinctive, inherent and eternal enmity, between his common children, the inhabi-

tants of this nation, and the inhabitants of a neighboring one.

I cannot take leave of this subject without acknowledging that one circumstance has weakened my confidence in the arguments adduced to shew that the effects of emigration on the deserted country, are not so melancholy as is generally pretended; it is almost unnecessary to mention the venerable name of DOCTOR PRIESTLEY. But I forgot myself—from his mind, science beams on every quarter of the globe.

Quis desiderio, sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis!



Thoughts

ON THE PROBABILITY OF A

FUTURE STATE OF EXISTENCE

TO

ANIMALS AND VEGETABLES.

‘ Quid rides ? ’

‘ The strongest analogies are overlooked, the plainest reasonings thought fallacious, and decisive experiments inconclusive, when their tendency is to subvert a distinction of which we had wrongly supposed Nature herself the author.’

Watson's Chemical Essays, Vol. V. Ess. III.

THE Being in whom omnipotence is united with perfect benevolence, *must* ultimately make all his creatures happy. Of all created things with which we are acquainted, MAN is that on which the Deity has displayed both the one and the other in the most eminent degree; yet, notwithstanding

he has been so liberal in the diffusion of happiness through the human race, it is unnecessary to add, that his benevolence is by no means exhausted in, or confined to, that part of his creation: we have reason to believe from analogy, that through the infinite gradation of beings, from the highest order to that which is inanimate, each according to the superiority which it holds in nature is susceptible of corresponding enjoyment; *our principal* source is the contemplation of a future state, and on man only is conferred the pleasure which results from this contemplation. But why should we imagine the Deity has confined the enjoyment of happiness in a future state to the human race? Does it militate against his goodness, to suppose that he reserves a futurity of happiness to BRUTE ANIMALS? Because our capacity for anticipating future enjoyment has been urged as an argument

that we shall experience it, is it philosophical or is it logical to conclude, that their incapacity for such anticipation, is an argument that they will not experience it? Do we proudly imagine that the Deity would not offer such an affront to man, as to place an inferior order of beings on a footing somewhat similar, in another world? What plausible reason can be assigned why such an exclusive privilege as this should be granted to him? The arguments, it is true, in favor of a future state of existence for the brute creation, are by no means so numerous as those which may be urged in favor of a future state of existence for the human race: the Deity has given them no revelation of his benevolent intention: notwithstanding this, the grand natural argument by which man exclusively of any preternatural information on the subject, might have been induced to believe that he should exist in another world.

may be applied without any diminution of its force, to the brute creation.

It is an argument in favor of it, that there does not appear to be any argument against it; if two scales be in equilibrio, the least imaginable weight in either will cause it to preponderate: where there is no opposition, a victory is easily obtained. This however, unassisted, would have but inconsiderable force; yet, the very unequal distribution of good and evil in this world may surely claim attention.

How many miserable animals of every species and description, linger through a wretched existence, unalluviated by that very consolation which man is capable of applying in the contemplation of an happier hereafter! How many do we see continually smarting under the lash of a ferocious and tormenting master! How many are necessitated to bear the toil and labor of each successive day, though

their pitiful allowance restricted by the meanness or poverty of a master, be insufficient to satisfy the demands of nature in returning hunger! while others, whose lot is more favorably cast, are enjoying the comforts of life in the most luxurious abundance, and are sheltered by their fortunate situation even from its more customary hardships and inconveniences.

Neither would this unequal distribution of good and evil, be apparently even so irreconcilable to our ideas of justice if confined to the human race as when extended to animals, on the supposition that the latter enjoy no future existence; for the rational faculties with which men are endued enable them to know, and their corporal powers to practise, those duties which they owe to their Maker, to each other, and to every subordinate creature: but animals have no such knowledge: therefore whatever violences they may com-

mit, are perfectly innocent on their part ; reason has never taught them to restrain the impulse of an unruly passion nor rouse the lethargy of a latent one ; it should seem therefore that one brute animal cannot be more or less *deserving* of happiness than any other ; but this is not the case with man ; consequently the unequal distribution of good and evil among them, seems more irreconcilable to our ideas of justice than it would have been if confined to the human race. But shall we impeach the Deity of partiality or injustice ? Shall we say that he is not perfectly benevolent, or shall we say that he is not omnipotent ? By denying a future state of happiness to animals we are reduced to that miserable alternative ; for if the Deity have it in his power to make all his creatures happy, and do not, although their equal claim to happiness be not forfeited by the commission of what they know to be wrong, or the

omission of what they know to be right, HE IS NOT PERFECTLY BENEVOLENT: if on the other hand, the Deity have it not in his power to make all his creatures happy (as no contradiction is implied,) HE IS NOT OMNIPOTENT. Now that many of the irrational creation do actually groan under the weight of pain and misery during a considerable part of their existence, from which their fellow animals are exempt, is indisputable; if therefore the Deity do not recompense them in another world, for the unmerited affliction which they endure in this, it seems to follow, either that he is not perfectly benevolent, or that he is not omnipotent. But common sense recoils at the idea that either should exist without the other in the Deity.

It is urged, however, that the Deity is not bound upon any principle of justice or benevolence, to apportion an equal share of happiness to all his creatures; that brute animals, therefore,

should enjoy a degree of it inferior to the human race, or even unequal among themselves, does not appear repugnant either to the one or to the other. Very true; but, I maintain it to be totally inconsistent with pure and perfect benevolence to create any being, which on the *whole* of its existence shall endure a preponderance of misery; and I suspect that such is the case with many brute animals, though I do not believe it is the case with a single individual of the human race.*

It is not sufficient to support the attribute of pure and perfect benevolence, that the sum of happiness should

* Any opinion on this subject must be received with caution: it has been hinted that many slaves in the West Indies (if observation may decide) are borne down with a preponderance of misery. I am willing to retain my scepticism; if such be actually the case, there is a world in which retributive justice must take place. Tremble ye tyrants!

preponderate that of misery, in the world taken collectively ; it must preponderate in each individual of that world, whether rational or irrational, that is capable of experiencing pleasure and pain ; and the individual in which it should not preponderate, would be justified in disputing and denying the existence of that purity and perfection of benevolence in the Being who created it.

But an objector may reply, that the question is now contracted within a very narrow circle ; a future existence is only contended for, in favor of those whose misery preponderates their sum of happiness ; and it will be universally acknowledged that these are comparatively few. It shall be admitted then, that these are the only animals who have a claim (if I may be allowed the word and escape the imputation of impiety) upon the Deity for a portion of future happiness : I will also admit,

that this claim extends no farther than to the restoration of an equilibrium; namely, that their sum of happiness be made *equal* to that of the misery which they have experienced: but the argumentum ad verecundiam may yet be brought in to our assistance, for at least there is a very strong probability that pure and perfect benevolence would not create a being that should enjoy only an *equal* portion of happiness and of misery, since the slightest preponderance of the latter would annihilate the attribute; and surely if man look forward with certainty to a future state of existence—man, whom I feel no diffidence in asserting has, without one solitary exception, and from that very circumstance, enjoyed a greater sum of happiness than of misery; a fortiori, we may conclude that brute animals, of whom we cannot say so much, will also participate this happiness.

Let us carry our speculations a little farther, nor suffer ourselves to be terrified by sounds. So gradual is the descent from beings of an higher to those of its next inferior order, that a line of separation is by no means easily drawn; and so little animation is exhibited in some created beings, that it is difficult to ascertain its exact extent. Animals, we all agree, are possessed of it. Now by comparing the symptoms of animation or life in *vegetables* with those displayed in animals, we may be enabled to form some opinion respecting its real existence in the vegetable kingdom: and whatever be the definition of life,* all I wish to make

* Equally various and unsatisfactory are the definitions of *life*; analogy has been resorted to in the explanation, and the *principle* of life has been compared to the *principle* of magnetism and of electricity. SENSATION has been said to constitute life: Buffon, in his comparison between animals and vegetables, says, that a more essential difference might be drawn from the faculty of sensation,

appear *probable* in the present essay
(the *ne plus ultra* of our researches

which we can scarcely refuse to animals, but of which vegetables seem destitute; sensation, however, includes such a variety of ideas, that we ought not to mention the word without giving some analysis of it; for if by sensation we simply mean a motion occasioned by some check or resistance, we must consider the sensitive plant as possessed of it; if, on the contrary, it signifies to apprehend and compare ideas, we are not certain that brute animals are endued with it; if we attribute it to dogs, elephants, &c. whose actions seem to result from the same causes as those of men, yet we must deny it to an infinite number of others, particularly to such as are motionless. If we give to oysters, for instance, the same faculty of sensation as to dogs, though in an inferior degree, why should we refuse it to vegetables in a degree still less? This difference, therefore, between animals and vegetables, is not only not general, but not even strictly ascertained.* It may be observed, moreover, that though

* Une différence plus essentielle pourroit se tirer de la faculté de SENTIR, qu'on ne peut guère refuser aux animaux, et don il semble que les végétaux soient privés: mais ce mot SENTIR renferme un si grand nombre d'idées, qu'on ne doit pas la prononcer avant que d'en avoir fait l'analyse: car si par SENTIR nous entendons seulement, faire une action de mouvement à l'occasion d'un choc

on so speculative a subject) is, that vegetables possess that species of it,

there can be no sensation where there is no life, it does not follow that there must be sensation where there is life : after drowning, hanging, &c. sensation is for a time suspended. Life has been said to consist in action : but life may exist without action also, and remain latent till some stimulus call it forth, as in an egg ; probably before the egg is laid, certainly the moment afterwards, there is life ; and that it is not generated by heat, as has been supposed, is very evident ; for if an egg be exposed to freezing cold, the subsequent application of a degree of heat, adequate to the production of a chick in any other egg laid at the same time, but which had not been

ou d'une resistance, nous trouverons que la plante appelée sensitive est capable de cette espèce de sentiment, comme les animaux. Si au contraire, on veut que sentir, signifie appercevoir et comparer des perceptions, nous ne sommes pas sûrs que les animaux ayent cette espèce de sentiment ; et si nous accordons quelque chose de semblable aux chiens, aux elephans, &c. dont les actions semblent avoir les mêmes causes que les nôtres, nous le refuserons à une infinité d'espèces d'animaux, et surtout à ceux qui nous paroissent être immobiles et sans action : si on vouloit que les huîtres, par exemple, eussent à un degré fort inferieur, pourquoi n'accorderoit on pas aux végétaux ce même sentiment dans un degré encore au-dessous ? Cette différence entre les animaux et les végétaux, non-seulement, n'est pas générale, mais même n'est pas bien décidée.

Hist. Nat. des Ani. ch. 1.

which renders them susceptible, in however minute a degree, of pleasure and of pain; my conclusion will follow accordingly.

And here to consider the general analogy subsisting between the two kingdoms, previously to the considera-

so exposed to cold, will be ineffectual in the present case: another definition, therefore, has been resorted to, a '*disposition to action on the application of a stimulus*;' heat is a stimulus to the egg and a necessary assistant to the production of a chick; earth and moisture are stimuli, the application of which is necessary to call forth the latent life of a seed; in these cases there is life without action; but it is necessary when action have once begun, that it continue uninterruptedly; a seed will retain its principle of vegetation for months; but after action have been produced either by moisture or earth, if the application of that moisture or earth be discontinued, the vital principle will be lost, though, had it not been for such application, it might have been retained much longer.

I am indebted to Dr. Haighton for much of the substance of this note; but as it was delivered viva voce in a public lecture room, I conceive it not unfair to have made the use of it.

tion of vegetable sensibility, will not be considered as totally irrelevant.

Vegetables, like animals, have their infancy, their youth, and their old age: on their first appearance, they are smaller than at any other time; GROWTH then is a property common to both.

I am aware of an objection which may be urged here, namely, that if growth be admitted as a symptom of animation, the mineral kingdom is entitled to its share of it; and future experiments and observation would probably dispel my faint scepticism, even upon that subject;* and if all

* If the probability be not corroborated by the name of Helvetius, it may at least shelter me from ridicule, to inform my readers that, that great man indulged a similar scepticism: 'L'on a de tout tems et tour-à-tour soutenu que la matiere sentoit ou ne sentoit pas, et l'on a sur ce sujet disputé très-longuement, et très-vaguement. L'on s'est avisé très-tard de se demander sur quoi l'on disputoit, et

created matter, under whatever form,
be indued with some portion of ani-

d'attacher une idée précise à ce mot de *matière*. Si d'abord l'on en eut fixé la signification, on eût reconnu que les hommes étoient, si je l'ose dire, les créateurs de la *matière*; que le *matière* n'étoit pas un être; qu'il n'y avoit dans la nature que des individus auxquels on avoit donné le nom de corps; et qu'on ne pouvoit entendre par ce mot de *matière*, que la collection des propriétés communes à tous les corps. La signification de ce mot ainsi déterminée, il ne s'agissoit plus que de savoir, si l'étendue, la solidité, l'impenétrabilité, étoient les seules propriétés communes à tous les corps; et si la découverte d'une force, telle, par exemple, que l'attraction, ne pouvoit pas faire soupçonner que les corps eussent encore quelques propriétés inconnues, telle que la faculté de *sentir*, qui ne se manifestant que dans les corps organisés des animaux, pouvoit être cependant commune à tous les individus. La question réduite à ce point, on eût alors senti que, s'il est à la rigueur, impossible de démontrer que tous les corps soient absolument insensibles, tout homme, qui n'est pas sur ce sujet, éclairé par révélation, ne peut décider la question qu'en calculant et comparant la probabilité de cette opinion, avec la probabilité de l'opinion contraire.

Helvetius, de l'Esprit Disc. I. ch. iv.

mation, some capacity for happiness—
 what is there in the idea which derogates from the goodness of the Deity?
 but this, says Buffon, is a metaphysical question, and ‘to attribute to matter
 ‘indiscriminately the power of thought,
 ‘action and perception, *nearly* in the
 ‘same manner as we think, act, and
 ‘perceive, is as repugnant to reason as
 ‘it is to religion’*—much the same—.

A grand natural difference, however,
 between the vegetables and minerals
 seems to be, that the annihilation or
 dissolution of the first is always accom-
 panied with some degree of putrefac-
 tion and the consequent produce of a

* Nous ne dirons pas avec quelques philosophes, que la matiere, sous quelque forme qu’elle soit, connoit son existence, et ses facultés relatives. et de lui attribuer quelques unes de ces facultés (sentiment, sensation, conscience, de son existence, &c.) ce seroit lui donner celle de penser, d’agir et de sentir *a-peu-pres* dans le même ordre, et de la même façon que nous pensons, agissons et sentons: ce qui répugne autant à la Raison qu’à la Religion.

very small quantity of volatile alkali; whereas that of the latter tribe of beings is not attended with the least sensible odour. There is also a great difference with respect to the growth of vegetables and that of minerals; vegetables have an internal principle of growth by the circulation of nutritious fluids, whilst the growth, or rather the increase, of a mineral substance is by an external adventitious deposit of homogeneous matter;* and this to Bishop Watson constitutes the difference between an animate and an inanimate body, for, says he, 'wherever there is a vascular system, containing a moving nutritive succus, there is life.'† Now vegetables have indisputably both these, and beside their sap or circulating fluid (their succus communis)

* The reader may see an ingenious chapter on the subjects of nutrition and growth, in Buffon. Nat. Hist. des Ani. chap. 3.

† Chem. Essays, Vol. 3. Ess. 3.

they have their respective secretions (their *succi proprii*). The sap, or circulating fluid in man, we call blood; but he has different secretions; bile, saliva, lymph, &c. so vegetables have a circulating fluid common to them all, which is of an insipid nature, and secretions peculiar to each; the saccharine juice of the sugar-cane, the milk-like juice of poppies, and the gum of various trees, &c.

This inveterate distinction, however, still subsists: that all animals have one stomach at least, and no vegetable has any. But surely it is of no consequence what the medium of nutrition is, so long as nutrition actually takes place, any more than it signifies by what medium inspiration and exhalation are performed, whether by lungs or by a porous cuticle. If, however, by a stomach be simply meant a reservoir for food, the caudex of a bulbous root may fairly come under that deno-

mination; since the radicles deposit their respective quota of nutrition in this receptacle, from which it is distributed to other parts of the vegetable as occasion may require; for bulbose roots are known to perfect their flower in pure water; 'Hence, superficial observers,' says Dr. Hunter,* 'have drawn an argument, in favor of water being the food of vegetables, but the truth is, such plants are nourished by the mucilaginous juices of the bulb, diluted by the surrounding water. This mucilage is just sufficient to perfect the flower and no more. Such a bulb neither forms seeds nor sends forth offsets. At the end of the season it appears weak, shrivelled, and exhausted, and is rendered unfit to produce flowers the succeeding year.' The cotyledons of a seed are equally reservoirs of nutrition for the infant plant, as

* Georgical Essays, p. 12.

the placenta is for a foetal subject. Again, vegetables in common with animals, possess the power of generating their species; and in this respect, appear to have risen higher in the scale of nature than many of the smaller animals, which ' have very few or no limbs, the ' least distinction of parts, the shortest ' life, and the vital functions both very ' few and very similar to one another; ' which bring forth their young ones ' like themselves, with no distinction ' of sexes, and none of which impart ' fecundity to the rest.' *

It has already been observed, that vegetables have a constant circulation of two different fluids at least, and in the opinion of Dr. Bell, this is performed by a *muscular exertion* of the different vessels. Dr. Darwin conceives it to be effected by a vermicular motion of their vessels, resembling the

* Edin. Syst. Anat. part vi. ch. iv. art. vii. § 8.

peristaltic motion of the intestines. Plants as well as animals perspire, and in both cases this function is essential to health.* They have also absorbent vessels, and like them, different from those appropriated to perspiration.† Dr. Darwin evinced the existence of an absorbent and arterial system, by placing the footstalks of some large fig-leaves about an inch deep in a decoction of madder, and others in a decoction of logwood, with some sprigs cut off from a plant of *Picris*, which were chosen because their

* Bell on the Physiology of Plants. Manch. Phil. Tran. v. 2. p. 409. 'Evergreens perspiring less than other plants, require less nourishment, and for that reason continue green all winter; they resemble exanguous tribes of animals, the frog, the toad, the tortoise, the serpent, which perspiring little make a shift to pass the winter without food.' Lord Kame's Gentleman Farmer, Ch. X. 1.

† Bell, &c. 412.

blood is white; on taking out these the next day, and cutting off about a quarter of an inch from their bottom, an internal circle appeared of red points, the ends of absorbent vessels coloured with the decoction, and an external ring bleeding out a milky juice.* Like animals too, if deprived of their native element, they die, excepting such as are amphibious. They inhale air also, and they expire it; and are differently affected by different kinds of air. Contrary to their respective influence on animal life, fixed air to vegetables serves as a pabulum,† and dephlogisticated air, so nutritious to animals, is destructive to vegetable life. Dr. Priestley in his experiments on air, enumerates several in support of this; and proves that vegetables inhale phlogiston from common air, apply it to their

* Bot. Gar. V. I. Add. notes xxxvi.

† Henry's Effects of Fixed Air on Vegetables. Manch. Phil. Tran. Vol. 2.

own nourishment, and emit the pure residuum for the better support of animal life.* They restore air already injured by the breathing of animals, the

* This was a grand discovery of Dr. Priestley ; in the first place, that atmospheric air was not an elementary substance, but a composition of vital and phlogisticated air, the one fitted for respiration and the other not so ; secondly, that vital air was produced by the exhalation of vegetables on exposure to the sun's light. He also discovered that it was the absorption of pure air in the lungs, and the separation of inflammable, which changed the venous into arterial blood. It is somewhat irrelevant, but as I may not have another opportunity so good, I shall avail myself of the present, to deprecate an abuse of those two words ; if it be of importance that words should convey clear and distinct ideas, it is of importance that they should bear as much similitude as possible to those ideas. Any one would imagine that by venous blood was meant blood in its passage through a vein, and by arterial, blood in its passage through an artery ; but this is not always the case ; for the blood passing from the heart to the lungs by means of the pulmonary artery, is called *venous* blood, and that which is returned from the lungs to the heart, by the pulmonary vein, is

burning of candles, &c. and that this power depends entirely upon their being alive and in a healthy state, and is not the effect of any chemical process, is known because they will not only prevent the restoration of air if they be otherwise, but like animal substance in a state of putrefaction, will contribute to make it worse.

Vegetables, it is true, have no lungs; but there are many animals in which this viscus is wanting; instead of which they are furnished with a porous membrane, which is proved to answer the same purpose. If their bodies be smeared with oil, or if by any other means the air be excluded, the effect is the same as if the respiratory organs called *arterial*! so that blood, whether in an artery or vein, is called venous, till it have been purified by vital air, and its phlogistic principle detached in its passage through the lungs. But would not the epithets 'vital' and 'phlogisticated,' when applied to the different states of blood, convey ideas more distinct and determinate?

of any other animal endued with them, were rendered incapable of performing their respective functions; that is, they immediately die. In like manner vegetables have their aëria vasa spirally rolled up, so as to form a cavity in the middle, which serve as their organs of respiration.*

That there is a very intimate analogy between the natures of animal and vegetable bodies, is farther deducible from the similar effects of electricity on each.

An ingenious friend of mine passed a very considerable shock through

* Linnæus traces the similarity of organization to an almost ridiculous excess: 'Calyx est thalamus, corolla auleum, filamenta vasa spermatica, antheræ testes, pollen genitura, stigma vulva, stylus vagina, germen ovarium, pericarpium ovarium fœcundatum, semen ovum. . . . Plantarum ventriculus est terra, vasa chyliifera radix, ossa truncus, pulmones folia, cor calor; hinc planta animal inversum, veteribus dictum fuit.' Phil. Bot. p. 92.

a strong healthy plant of the balsam kind; in about two hours, the leaves began to wither; at the end of six, they were completely shrivelled; in twelve, the plant was dead. The same experiment was repeated on a myrtle, but the effect of the shock was by no means so great as in the former instance; it was afterwards passed through a geranium, which died in twenty-four hours.

It may seem unnecessary that so much time should have been employed in tracing the analogous formation of animals and vegetables; but I think two presumptive arguments in favor of their sensitive powers may be deduced from the existence of that analogy: in the first place, so very complex an organization as that of a plant,—more complex indeed than that of many animals—should seem superfluous and unnecessary in a being inanimate and totally destitute of sensation; in the second place, as the organs are similar

it is probable they were created for similar purposes : they convey sensation to animals, and it may fairly be conjectured that they exist for the same purpose in the vegetable kingdom ; but this subject demands more serious investigation. I shall, therefore, notice some objections which have been urged against the sensitive powers of plants.

It is alleged that we can form no idea of sensation, but as dependent upon nerves, of which vegetables are destitute. In the first place I answer, that as it is a disputed point in what manner, and by what peculiar properties, nerves are subservient to sensation : whether they convey impressions to the brain by means of a fluid, or by vibratory motion,* or by a principle analogous to magnetism or electricity, it would be

* This latter doctrine is pretty generally exploded, though I lately heard it defended by a very ingenious and eminent physician.

very presumptuous to assert that no substance can perform the functions of nerves, before we know the precise qualities necessary for the performance of those functions.

In the second place, it would be still more presumptuous to continue that assertion when it is a disputed point, whether the substance which unites the extremities of a divided nerve, although it perform all the functions, be actually of the same substance with that nerve, particularly as the negative opinion is now supported by some of the most eminent physiologists.

Vegetables have no brain; true; and such is the case with many insects: but if we could not form any idea that sensation should exist in a creature destitute of brain and nerves, would it follow that its existence is impossible? With respect to animals, we can form no idea of their secretions, but by the operation of nervous energy: if the

nerves be divided, for example, which are distributed to the stomach, the process of digestion is destroyed, the gastric juice can no longer be secreted; nerves, therefore, in the animal œconomy are necessary to the performance of secretion. But vegetables have no nerves; their respective secretions, however, are perfect; which proves, not only that there may be, but that actually there is, something in the organization of the one, analogous to nerves in the other. Let it be remembered too, that these secretions depend on life, and are coeval with it: blood might be poured to eternity through a gland which had lost its vital principle, and no secretion would follow; why, therefore, do we suppose that the same principle of vitality is not necessary for the process of secretion in the vegetable world? We can conceive of something analogous to, and that will perform the office of, nerves; but, he

must have a very eccentric genius who can conceive of a good substitute for life.

The motions of particular plants, with an ingenious infidelity of their sensation or susceptibility of pleasure and pain, are attributed to an insensible irritability; if the *Dionæa muscipula* (of which too many accounts have already been given to require an additional one on the present occasion) contract its spiny leaf when any insect alights upon it, and squeezes it to death;* if the trefoils close their leaves before an impending storm; if the sensitive plant shrink from the most gentle touch; if many others close themselves up at the

* The leaf of this plant is furnished with a number of small red glands, secreting a sweetish liquor which tempts the unhappy insect to plunder it. As the leaves remain closed for a considerable time, and no appearance of the insect is to be discovered when they open, it is conjectured that the dissolution of its substance may constitute the nourishment of the plant.

approach of evening, and unfold their petals at the return of day; these motions are said to be no stronger symptoms of sensation, than are the contractions of a muscle after its detachment from the body, on the application of a stimulus.

A very material difference, however, may be observed; the one acts in consequence of a stimulus, the other where no such stimulus is applied; as when a plant *seeks* for light and *seeks* for air, for food, &c.* or contracts its leaves when its stimuli are withdrawn, namely, in the dark or in the cold; for light and heat are its stimuli. The one moreover is an inherent principle coeval with its existence; the other is temporary and soon dies away. The symptom of sensation, namely, the power of contraction, in a separated muscle is lost before putrefaction takes place;

* This will be more fully considered shortly.

that power is strongest upon its first separation, and becomes weaker by degrees; it is also affected by the temperature of the atmosphere, and remains longer in moderately warm, than in extremely hot weather; therefore, 'the contracting power appears to have been derived from some source, from which it is detached by the excision of the part.* This opinion is corroborated by Dr. Whytt,† who observes, that, as the bile, air, and aliment, remain in the intestines equally after death as before it, they will continue to excite the fibres of this canal into alternate contractions, till at length they become quite dead and rigid with cold. Dr. Alex. Monro has a very similar opinion, he supposes the contraction in separated muscles 'may be owing to the liquors continuing to flow in the

* Ferriar on the Vital Principle. Manch. Phil. Trans. V. 3.

† Whytt on Vital Motion, ed. 8vo. p. 361.

‘ small vessels, and being poured irregularly into the muscular fibrillæ.’*
 Dr. Ferriar observes that ‘ the permanency of the cause of motion after the separation of a muscle from the source of that cause, may be well illustrated by the duration of impressions on our senses, after the exciting cause is removed; as in the experiment always quoted to this purpose of the circular appearance of an ignited body kept in rotatory motion.’†
 Whether these solutions be satisfactory or not, as the principle is inherent in the one, and temporary in the other, it cannot be accounted the same. Dr. Darwin‡ supposes there is a living principle which he calls the sensorial power or spirit of animation, proceeding from the brain, and pervading the whole animal body: this spirit of ani-

* Monro on the Nerves, Edin. Sys. Anat. v. 3.

† Ferriar on the Vital Principle, &c.

‡ Zoonomia; Definitions, et passim.

mation, which may be accumulated in any particular part by volition or irritation, is the immediate cause of the contraction of animal fibres. Now, I conceive that a muscle after its detachment from the body is excitable into action, till the evaporation (if I may be allowed the expression) of this living principle, this spirit of animation which pervades every part of the body, shall have taken place, and this will account for that gradual diminution of irritability which is observable in a detached muscle, till its susceptibility of irritation be entirely lost.

The editors of the Encyclopædia Britannica uniformly argue against the existence of sensation in the vegetable kingdom. Under the article 'Animal' there are some very good remarks on the subject, but the writer is sometimes, I think, extremely illogical in his deductions and feeble in his arguments.

' It is this principle of self-preserva-
 ' tion,' says he, ' which, being the most
 ' powerful one in their nature, is gene-
 ' rally taken, and with very good rea-
 ' son, as the true characteristic of ani-
 ' mal life. This principle is undoubt-
 ' edly a consequence of sensation, and
 ' as it is never observed to take place
 ' in vegetables, we have a right to say
 ' that the foundation of it, viz. sensa-
 ' tion, belongs not to them. There is
 ' no animal which makes any motion
 ' in consequence of external impulse
 ' when danger is threatened, but what
 ' puts itself in a posture of defence,
 ' but no vegetable whatever does so.
 ' A muscle when it is touched imme-
 ' diately shuts its shell, and as this ac-
 ' tion puts it in a state of defence, we
 ' conclude it proceeded from the prin-
 ' ciple of self-preservation. When the
 ' sensitive plant contracts from a touch,
 ' it is no more in a state of defence
 ' than before, for whatever would have

‘destroyed it in its expanded state will
 ‘also do it in its contracted state.’

Because nature then has been more
 parsimonious in bestowing on a plant
 the means of defence than she has on a
 muscle, it is concluded, somewhat pre-
 cipitately one would think, that the for-
 mer has no principle of self-preserva-
 tion, and consequently no sensation;
 for that is the basis of this principle.
 Nature has given strength to the man
 which she has denied to the infant; the
 one by putting himself in a posture of
 defence may possibly prevent an in-
 jury; but the other, not having strength
 to effectuate its defence, or even to
 put itself in a posture for that purpose,
 does it follow that it is not endued with
 a principle of self-preservation and the
 faculty of sensation? But it is not a
 fact that vegetables do not defend
 themselves, for they often do, and very
 effectually, from the depredation of in-
 sects and the deadly effects of a mid-

night frost. The *dionæa muscipula*, already mentioned, puts itself in a very complete posture of defence, and fatally vanquishes the unheeding enemy: does not the nettle, like the wasp, sting the hand that attacks it? If the poisonous fluid in the one be considered as a mean of defence, why not in the other? Are not the spines of the thorn, &c. weapons of preservation? Nay, is it unfair to conclude that the effluvia which many flowers exhale, however fragrant it may be to us, may be pestilential to thousands of the insect tribe? Does not the tree of Java spread death and desolation for miles around its base? Do not the petals of many flowers close up and defend their stamina and pistilla from the inclemency of an evening sky?

But let us consider a more serious, and a more ingenious objection: 'We ourselves,' says the writer of that article, animal, 'are possessed both of

' the animal and vegetable life, and
 ' certainly must know whether there is
 ' any connection between vegetation
 ' and sensation or not. We are con-
 ' scious that we exist, that we hear,
 ' see, &c. but of our vegetation we
 ' are absolutely unconscious. We feel
 ' a pleasure for instance in gratifying
 ' the calls of hunger and thirst, but
 ' of the process by which our aliment
 ' is formed into chyle, the chyle mixed
 ' with the blood, the circulation of
 ' that fluid, and the separation of all
 ' the humors from it, we are totally
 ' ignorant.'

In the first place, it is illogical to
 conclude, after having acknowledged
 though we possess chyle, blood, and
 other fluids, that we are ignorant how
 the first mixes with the second, and
 how the third are separated from it; in
 other words, that we are ignorant of
their connection with each other: I
 say, after such an acknowledgment, it

is illogical to conclude, that because we possess ~~both~~ animal and vegetable life, we must necessarily be able to ascertain whether there be any connection between *them* or not.

In the next place, it does not follow that because a plant is ignorant how an absorption of fluids should be necessary for its existence, or how those fluids are secreted and circulated, &c. that it should not receive a gratification, which is certainly dependent on sensation, from such an absorption of nutriment and secretion of fluid. But this is a conclusion which that writer has drawn; of our vegetation, says he, that is, how our aliment is formed into chyle, by what process it mixes with the blood, and how the blood is circulated, &c. we are totally ignorant; but we feel a pleasure in gratifying the calls of hunger, thirst, &c. that is, sensation, whether pleasurable or painful, has nothing to do with the argu-

ment, is the effect of one and not of the other. Now I conceive, that if sensation be not excited by the continuance of these processes, it cannot be excited by their discontinuance; the absence of that cannot excite disagreeable sensation, the presence of which was not the cause of a pleasurable one. If any of these processes, however, were to be disturbed; if our aliment were imperfectly formed into chyle, our chyle imperfectly mixed with blood, and that again circulated with partiality—sensations would undoubtedly be excited; we should waste and die away: I conclude, therefore, that all those processes, that is, all our vegetable life is attended with pleasurable sensation; and that simply from habit these processes are performed unnoticed. That such may be the effect of habit, no one will surely be inclined to dispute; and that our sensible pleasures, instead of becoming keen and

exquisite from repetition, grow dull and almost imperceptible. Thus it is I conceive with plants; the process of their secretion goes on unnoticed; but if it be interrupted, a painful sensation is excited, and like animals they also waste and die away. As well, indeed, might it be asserted that we feel no pleasure from a state of good health, because, unless a stroke of the palsy, a fit of the gout or some other disease interrupt that pleasure, by long-established habit our attention to it is enfeebled, and only occasionally called forth.

It is on this principle that I should account for the following example, with which this author has further illustrated his reasoning: ‘ If a wound be made in
 ‘ the body of a man, and a loss of substance is to be repaired, the same
 ‘ sagacity will be observed in the arrangement of the fibres, not only as

‘ if they were animated, but they will
 ‘ dispose of themselves, seemingly with
 ‘ a degree of wisdom far superior to
 ‘ what we can have any idea of.’ Although we do not attend to granulation when it does take place, we should attend to the want of it were it not to take place, and if any thing impeded the performance of it, we should soon be brought to our recollection.

Whether I am indebted to Dr. Darwin for this idea, honestly speaking, I do not know ; for the application of it, I certainly am not. He supposes that the various glands which take fluid from the circulation, such as those which secrete bile, urine, perspiration, saliva, &c. ‘ probably consist of a mouth to
 ‘ select, a belly to digest, and an ex-
 ‘ cretory aperture to emit, their appro-
 ‘ priated fluids.’* . . . ‘ It seems pro-
 ‘ bable,’ he continues, ‘ that at the

* Zoonomia, sect. xxiii. 2. on the circulatory system.

‘ beginning of the formation of these
 ‘ vessels in the embryo, an agreeable
 ‘ sensation was in reality felt by the
 ‘ glands during secretion, as is now felt
 ‘ in the act of swallowing palatable
 ‘ food; and that a disagreeable sensa-
 ‘ tion was originally felt by the heart,
 ‘ from the distention occasioned by the
 ‘ blood, or by its chemical stimulus;
 ‘ but that by habit these are all become
 ‘ irritative motions, that is, such as do
 ‘ not affect the whole system except
 ‘ when the vessels are distended by in-
 ‘ flammation.*

Another argument has been brought
 forward by the editors of the Ency-
 clopædia Britannica, under the article
 ‘ Motion,’ against the existence of sen-
 sation in vegetables, namely, that they
 do not possess the faculty of loco-mo-
 tion. This is really an extraordinary
 objection; they are restrained from the

* Ditto, sect. xxiii. 6.

exertion of such power by the very nature of the element in which they live; and to argue against the sensation of vegetables, because they cannot walk, is as feeble as it would be to argue against its existence in brute animals, because they cannot fly, or in fishes, because they can do neither.

But under this very article, the animality and sensitive powers of shell-fish is contended for, because their motions are so much more fleet and expeditious than those of vegetables! Would not a race between two oysters be a most interesting and amusing sight?

It is alleged by the editors of that work, under the article 'Animal,' that a good *moral* reason may be adduced against the probability of sensation in the vegetable world; namely, that not having any power to defend themselves against the daily injuries which are offered to them, such as the excision of their parts and the depredation of ani-

mals, their misery must be great to an extreme.

In the first place, I conceive that their perceptive powers are by no means so keen as the perceptive powers of animals; therefore that an injury offered to the former is not attended with such pain as it would have been to the latter; and that every slightest preponderance of misery which they experience in this world, will be compensated to them in the next.

In the second place, if the depredation of animals upon plants be an argument against the existence of sensation in the latter; it operates with still greater force against its existence in the former; for animals prey upon each other, and the question on the introduction of evil must be solved before we can account for either.

In the third place, if we consider the immensity of vegetation in the universe: among wilds where man—per-

haps the greatest despoiler of vegetable life—has never interfered with their felicity; the happiness of many individual plants, and of the vegetable kingdom collectively taken, probably far preponderates their sum of misery.

Let us now consider what appearance of instinct is observable among the vegetable creation; but even this is so well known, that I shall be very concise on the subject.

Conscious as it were of an incapacity to support itself, in consequence of the slender formation of its stem, the ivy applies for assistance to some neighbouring oak, or other tree, around which it entwines itself, and supplies the deficiency of nature's bounty by a principle which certainly very much resembles the instinct of an animal.

A plant has the power of directing its roots for procuring food. ' A quantity of fine compost for flowers happened to be laid at the foot of a full-

‘grown elm, where it lay neglected
 ‘three or four years; when moved, in
 ‘order to be carried off, a net-work
 ‘of elm fibres spread through the
 ‘whole heap; no fibres had before ap-
 ‘peared at the surface of the ground.’*

If a sponge be laid open to the air near a root, the fibres of that root will direct themselves to the sponge; if the situation of the sponge be altered, the root will vary its direction, and follow it again. What action of an animal can with more propriety be attributed to an instinctive principle than the following one of many flowers? They close their petals, to prevent the dews of night from injuring their stamina and pistilla, their organs of generation, if these flowers be castrated, that is, if either the stamina or pistilla be taken away, the plant, conscious that its utmost attention is then become ineffi-

* Lord Kame's Gentleman Farmer, p. 416.

cient and nugatory, will save itself the trouble of closing at the approach of evening. ‘ Set a plant in a room that has no light but from a single hole in the wall : instead of rising perpendicularly, it directs its course towards the light, passes through the hole into the open air, and then mounts upwards.’*

Dr. Darwin supposes that vegetables are influenced by their *acquired habits*. The grains and roots brought from more southern latitudes germinate here sooner than those brought from the more northern ones. ‘ Apple-trees, sent from hence to New England, blossomed for a few years too early for that climate, but afterwards learned to accommodate themselves to their new situation.’†

* Kame’s Gentleman Farmer, p, 414.

† Botanic Garden, Vol. II. Canto I. Note on the Swallow.

I am sorry to be at such perpetual variance with the editors of the Encyclopædia, for their's is a work which does honor to the nation, and ought to be in the library of every Englishman; but I cannot help it. Under the article 'Motion' they tell us, that 'in their other movements vegetables discover nothing like sensation or design; they will indeed uniformly bend towards light or towards water; but in the one case we must attribute the phænomenon to the action of the elements of light and air upon them, and in the latter the property seems to be the same with that in other cases we call attraction.' What! if a plant bend towards light, and absolutely seek for it, can the motion be philosophically attributed to the action of that element? Can an effect take place before its cause? Here is an action previous to, and not consequent

upon, the influence of this stimulus; an absolute and instinctive search for it.

‘ If a vessel of water,’ they continue, ‘ be put within six inches of a growing cucumber, in less than twenty-four hours the latter will alter its direction, the branches will bend towards the water, and never alter their course until they come in contact with it; nor yet then, I dare say. But this is attributed to attraction! and with much propriety too. If a rib of beef be placed within six inches of a growing greyhound’s nose, this attractive principle will be still more speedy and unequivocal in its operation.

To be serious—if those motions of vegetables, which have every appearance of volition and consciousness, be referred to irritability, why are not the motions of many animals, frequently far less discernible, referred to the same cause? Corals, water polypi,

&c. adhere to rocks, as plants do to the earth, and like them die on being severed from the place of their nativity; the motions of these animals cannot certainly be attributed to volition, if volition be not acknowledged the promoter of vegetable exertions. 'The motions in both cases,' says Bishop Watson,* 'are equally accommodated to the preservation of the being to which they belong, are equally distinct and uniform, and should be equally derived from mechanism or equally admitted as criterions of perception.'

I conclude, therefore, that the most rational and philosophical way of accounting for the phænomenon of vegetable motion, and the appearances indicative of instinct, is to consider that immense part of the creation as endued with sensation, that is, a susceptibility

* Chemical Essays, Vol. V. Ess. 3.

of pleasure and of pain. If the happiness of those beings that are endued with such susceptibility, and who have not forfeited their claim to happiness by the commission of what they know to be wrong, or the omission of what they know to be right, do not preponderate the sum of their misery on the whole of their existence, the Deity is either not omnipotent or not perfectly benevolent. The happiness of many individual vegetables in this world is probably preponderated by their misery: if that be the case, and I agree with the editors of the *Encyclopædia* that such is very probably the case, if vegetables have sensation, on the principles which were more fully explained in the former part of this essay, they will also enjoy that happiness in another world, which is so deficiently afforded them in this.

What can inspire more sublime and elevated ideas of the goodness of the

Deity than this hypothesis, unless it be that the time may come when infinite space shall teem with life, and when no solitary spot in the immensity of creation shall be found, unimpregnated with the principle of vitality! nay, that such may actually be the case at present, who has the hardiness to deny—for who can have the power to prove? and that beings may exist, to whom every grain of sand is a mountain of inaccessible declivity, and every dew-drop an ocean of unfathomable depth?

If it be considered, therefore, that every thing inanimate, if any thing there be, is as it were a blank in the system, and a kind of limitation to the creative powers of God; to compare the sum of happiness at such a period of omnipresent animation with the sum of happiness now, according to our ideas of limited existence, is the comparison of a point to infinite space, or a moment of time to eternity.

Recapitulatory Conclusion.

In order to show the probability that vegetables are endued with sensation, I endeavoured,

I. To trace the analogous organization of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and answer the objections which had been urged against that probability from the deficient structure of the latter, with respect to brain, nerves, and stomach. From that analogy, two presumptive arguments were deduced.

1. The complexity of their organization should seem unnecessary and superfluous in a being inanimate and totally destitute of sensation.

2. As the organs are similar, they were created for similar purposes: they are a source of sensation to animals, therefore they are so to vegetables.

II. To show that the motion of vegetables, and the contraction of a detached muscle on the application of stimuli, cannot be accounted for on the same principle; the one being temporary and owing to an external application, the other inherent, coeval with its existence, and taking place without such external application.

III. To show the weakness of the objection, that plants have no principle of self-preservation.

IV. To combat the idea, that we are insensible to our own vegetable life.

V. To prove the inadequacy of the objection, that vegetables are not endowed with loco-motive powers.

VI. To show that no moral reason can be urged against the existence of vegetable sensation, which may not with greater force be alleged against the sensitive faculty of animals.

VII. To particularize a few appearances of instinct, which cannot be accounted for by the action of stimuli, nor by a principle of attraction.

VIII. To show that if vegetables enjoy happiness, for instance at the season of impregnation, and the reciprocal approach of stamina and pistilla is, perhaps, the effect of anticipating that happiness, they also endure misery from the excision of their parts, the depredation of insects, &c. and that those, at least, whose misery in this world preponderates their sum of happiness will have the equilibrium restored to them in another.

I cannot conclude this essay more properly than in the following words of

Helvetius:* 'Quelques unes de mes idées paroîtront peut-être hasardées. Si le Lecteur les juge fausses, je le prie de se rappeler, en les condamnant, que ce n'est qu' à la hardiesse des tentatives qu'on doit souvent la découverte des plus grandes vérités; et que la crainte d'avancer une erreur, ne doit point nous détourner de la recherche de la vérité.'

* De l' Esprit. Preface.

LE SOLITAIRE.

LE Solitaire was educated at Bourdeaux, in one of the more southern provinces of France; he was of English extraction, and obtained this appellation from a sullen and unsocial disposition, for which he was peculiarly remarkable from his earliest infancy; even at school, when his colleagues were engaged in the various gambols which the prolific genius of fourteen had invented for relaxation and amusement, Le Solitaire was continually observed to pass by, with haughty indifference, the sports which he seldom felt himself disposed to enter into; he would frequently walk with his arms

folded, his eyes stationary, assuming, in defiance of ridicule and contempt, the philosophic gravity of old age; he was extremely penurious, his purse was a very nunnery, every guinea on its entrance took the veil and was shut up for ever! In maturer years, his disposition was in exact conformity to the specimen he had given in his youth; for, after having passed through a regular course of education, he retired from the bustle of a world which bore so little congeniality to his temper, and determined to pass a sedentary, uninterrupted life among the Alpine scenery which divides France and Italy. Here, in the deepest solitude, unaffected by every connection, and steeled against every attachment of which human nature, even in its simplest state, is susceptible; with no other companion than a wrinkled female, from whose aged appearance a physiognomist would infer she must have wit-

nessed the successive productions of an hundred autumns—here did Le Solitaire pass the bloom of youth in study and meditation.

At length, however, perceiving that his constitution was materially impaired by the literary indolence of such a sequestered life, he combated the native lethargy of his disposition, and victoriously resolved to quit both his hermitage and his duenna, and endeavor to re-establish his health by the salutary effects of travelling. He was a stranger to his own country, having left it when a child; but though England was the spot he wished to visit—no ties of kindred or of gratitude could affect him; to these he was insensible; curiosity invited him, and he accepted the invitation with eagerness and alacrity.

In order to reap the utmost advantage from his journey he determined to ride on horseback, as the united influence of rough exercise and pure air

would probably be productive of the most beneficial effects. He accordingly set off, unattended by any human being, on the back of an animal which the steed of Quixote or of Hudibras would have looked down upon with contempt; ‘even chuck-farthing and ‘shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping ‘till he got out of sight,’ ay, and out of hearing too; for the excessive irritability of his lungs was productive of a very riotous and turbulent cough; and a thistley beard, waving with luxuriance under his chin, like that of the dark-haired Caledonian heroes of old Ossian, ‘whistled in the blast;’ in fine, it was a horse, like poor Yorick’s, on which he could compose an essay, or he could compose his cough, ‘and in ‘case nature gave a call that way, he ‘could likewise compose himself to ‘sleep—on which he could draw up ‘an argument in his sermon—or a hole ‘in his breeches.’

Thus equipped, Le Solitaire enjoyed by anticipation the romantic variety of Lakes and Mountains, with which our Northern counties are enriched: neither was he disappointed in the actual view of them; for though they may be esteemed very inferior to the scenes which he had been accustomed to, they afforded pleasure to him from the contrast. The delicate touches and the finished beauties of a miniature will please, after the bolder and more manly strokes upon the larger canvass.

Passing by with indifference the beauties of Windermere, which were of too lively a nature for the sullen sublimity of his mind, he was guided by the master of an inn, where he slept the next night, through a winding avenue to the top of a steep hill, in order to view a cascade* which falls about fifty feet,

* Belonging to Sir Michael le Fleming, in Rydal Park, at Ambleside, Cumberland.

amidst a hideous confusion of rocks encompassing the spot; here it winds a noisy, ragged course, from the summit to the foot of the mountain; afterwards it is viewed again from a summer-house dark and dismal, opposite to which, it falls into a kind of circular basin, irregularly formed of huge stones, and just over it, is indistinctly seen a small bridge, tufted with a black and brownish moss. The whole of this sequestered scene is made still more awful by the melancholy shade of some fine old trees, which are beautifully interspersed, so as almost to exclude the light.

This was a view in unison with the soul of Le Solitaire, and whether he ever before experienced the influence of poetical inspiration, or not, he certainly fancied he did at this moment, and seating himself in the summer-house, indulged his genius with the representation of fictitious sorrows in the following stanzas :

I.

Here the mimic gloom of night
 Shall oft my pensive steps invite,
 Nor one unhallow'd thought obtrude;
 While from ev'ry passion free,
 I'll calmly sit and muse with thee,
 Sister of silence, Solitude!
 Shall my face beam with joy, my Eliza, ah never!
 Thou'rt gone, and the peace of my mind—ah for
 ever!

II.

Hope cannot smile on me, relief,
 Nor hush the heavy sigh of grief,
 Lone wand'rer of this darksome scene!
 But here with sad and swollen eye,
 I trace the stream that trickles by,
 Responsive to my tears I ween:
 Shall joy beam on my face then, Eliza, ah never!
 Thou'rt gone, and the peace of my mind—ah for
 ever!

III.

Eliza, thou with tend'rest care,
 Sooth'd the brow of dark despair,
 When here thy trembling form I bore;
 Alas! the mournful village-bell,
 Proclaim'd the sad and solemn knell,—
 Child of my soul, thou'rt now no more!

Shall joy beam on my face then, Eliza, ah never !
 Thou'rt gone, and the peace of my mind—ah for
 ever !

It may be suspected, however, that Eliza was merely the creature, and a darling one it must be confessed she was, of his own imagination; for it is more than probable, that he had scarcely ever seen a female figure, save the decrepid matron of the Alps, whose congeniality of temper, perhaps, had touched his softer passions, and given him the idea of love, which certainly must either have been instinctive or excited by her; by a bold use too of the poetical license, he has personified this piece of antiquity—it was scarcely human—under the enchanting appellation of Eliza.

With much regret, he left this romantic spot, and proceeded in his way to Derwent water; almost despairing of another opportunity to behold a scene

that would harmonize so exactly with his feelings; he was soon, however, very agreeably disappointed, for passing the vale of Grasmere, his attention was arrested by a beautiful amphitheatre of mountains which encompass this sequestered lake, and stand as it were the guardians of its peace; in the words of an elegant traveller,* ‘Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman’s house or garden-wall, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest, most becoming attire.’ He did not like to leave it, and probably could have taken up his abode for life, with all the enthusiastic fervor of an Anchorite :

Sweet vale of simplicity ! here could I dwell
On the brink of thy lake in some snug little cell ;

* Mr. Gray.

Here steal from the world, drink thy waters of
 peace,
 And command ev'ry turbulent passion to cease;
 Look on to the future, look back on the past,
 And with bosom serene, breathe contented my last!

He could not resist the temptation;
 and this simple tribute will surely be
 excused, as it was paid to the habita-
 tion of simplicity itself!

He arrived at Keswick;* but it
 would be tedious to describe the beau-
 ties of this vale minutely; he was par-
 ticularly struck, however, with Loa-
 dore water-fall, which rolls into the lake
 with a roar that may be heard for
 miles; fortunately it was full; here he
 gazed with a most fearful astonishment,
 and expressing a desire to know whence
 such an immense body of water could
 be supplied, for he was a man of ob-

* This lake goes by the name of Keswick, or
 Derwent water; that family once lived on an island
 here, but it was confiscated to the crown when Lord
 Derwent was beheaded.

servation and curiosity, was informed by his guide that on the top of those rocks and mountains which encompass the cascade, many of which are of a most tremendous and aspiring height, was a little vale, containing a lake of about a mile in length, which flowed into this torrent. Le Solitaire determined at all events to see this extraordinary valley, situated as it were, between heaven and earth. After having rode about three or four miles, in one continued ascent, amidst stones of every shape and size, he was surprised on looking up to find himself inclosed on either side, by hills that were apparently still higher than those he had ascended; inconceivably rugged! huge pieces that had been loosened by the frost of a thousand winters, had rolled from the top to the bottom; one might fancy that Milton's battle of angels had been fought on this very spot, and that he was every where surrounded by the

splinters which had flown from the dreadful collision of rocks and mountains! Proceeding farther, the contrast was beautiful beyond description; eight or ten huts, scattered around the lake, composed the vale of Waten-lath, which, if the expression be allowable, was almost surfeited with luxuriance.

These laths or vales,* of which there are many, are little independent republics, or rather elective monarchies; the inhabitants, which probably amount to thirty or forty, choose the richest or the greatest man among them, whom they call King; to his decision all private disputes are referred, and from his decision they seldom appeal to any legal jurisdiction. The king of Waten-lath is worth about fifty pounds a year! No large farmer the tyrant of the lath;

* In the northern counties the word 'lath' seems to be synonymous with 'vale.'

each man has a piece of ground, which he can call his own :

‘ His best companions, innocence and health,
‘ And his best riches—ignorance of wealth !’

he works for himself, and cultivates, probably with more care and fondness, this humble possession, than when laboring for a master in the most extensive domains, he could feel no immediate interest in the success of his endeavors. Le Solitaire, as he was riding, overtook one of the cottagers returning to his wife and family—he had been mowing ; a scythe in one hand, and a stone bottle, just emptied of its beer, in the other ; ‘ he whistled as he went,’ and very probably ‘ for want of thought.’

Happy peasants ! that tenant this peaceable spot !
In vain the wild storm beats thy humble roof’d cot ;
On the top of thy rock, the rough fragments among,
A lake rolls its soft waters in music along ;
When leaving its bed—in one terrible roar,
This musical stream rattles down the Loadore ;

Learn a moral from this:—nor desert the dear plain,
 Where Peace, and her offspring young Innocence
 reign;
 But little thou know'st of the world and its folly,
 Nor court the vain study—
 Where bliss lies in ignorance, wisdom is folly.*

With this advice, he left the inhabitants of Waten-lath, and serenely pursued his journey, meditating on the happiness that gilded every object in the scene he had just witnessed. His whole soul was engaged in the reflection; wrapped in a pleasing melancholy, he wandered whithersoever his beast might carry him, regardless of the surrounding country, and inattentive to the road; he proceeded for a considerable time without observing that he had strayed from the beaten track—he awaked from his trance, and perceived that he had lost his way—encompassed on every side by trees and underwood,

* 'Where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise.'— GAY.

he could not return to the spot by which he had entered—he was terrified and angry with himself—‘ he hummed a ‘ surly song, like a blast in the leafless ‘ wood.’—It was not late, however, and he determined to go on and trust to good fortune for an escape from this wilderness: his apprehensions, which had gradually become very serious, were somewhat alleviated after a time, by observing that he had come to a kind of path; it was now overgrown with tall grass, and almost covered with shrubs—for many a year it had not felt the pressure of a human foot—he resolved to follow it, though it was with some difficulty that he could always ascertain that he was going right. Proceeding, he fancied he perceived something at a distance like an old tower, towards which the path was evidently winding: his curiosity was now excited, and he hastened his steps till he found himself in one of the most romantic and

picturesque spots that imagination can conceive. The tower, which he had indistinctly seen, was the ruin of a monastery; it was situated near the banks of a pure stream, which was almost concealed by the brown foliage of various trees; oaks that had stood the savage shock of many a storm, and heard the virgin tale of many a nun, now spread their hospitable shade in vain! it was the seat of meditation itself: the heart that could have been steeled against its influence must have been cold indeed! It was not likely that Le Solitaire would be insensible to its gloomy beauties; but in pausing, he associated ideas which an inveterate abhorrence from the monastic institute could not fail to suggest; he dismounted, and fastening his horse to a tree, his elbows resting on a broken pillar, and his head resting on his hands, he could not avoid pouring forth his feelings in a virulent invective against

those ‘ hoary hypocrites,’ such was his
 intemperate soliloquy, ‘ who for so long
 ‘ a time reigned tyrants of the world,
 ‘ and by the influence of superstition
 ‘ kept mankind in darkness and in ig-
 ‘ norance for ages; who in the holy
 ‘ wars led thousands to the sword of
 ‘ infidels under the walls of Jerusalem
 ‘ and Damascus; who at the very time
 ‘ they preached up chastity and tempe-
 ‘ rance to others, rioted themselves,
 ‘ in every variety of dissipation and
 ‘ debauchery; and who, under the spe-
 ‘ cious pretence of obtaining wealth
 ‘ for “ pious uses,” made the generous
 ‘ folly of mankind subservient to their
 ‘ inordinate avarice and brutalizing lux-
 ‘ ury. Thank heaven,’ he exclaimed,
 ‘ the spell is dissipated; these broken
 ‘ pillars—these ruined arches—these
 ‘ limbs of nuns and abbots, that are
 ‘ scattered so profusely around, are
 ‘ emblems of the fall of priestcraft,
 ‘ these—he was proceeding, when the

appearance of a venerable stranger, walking up to him with a step of dignity, checked his impetuosity. He was dressed in the habit of a monk; a cross, suspended by a string of beads, adorned his breast, and a few grey hairs, thinly covering the back part of his head, bespoke him the child of many a year. ‘My son,’ was the dispassionate exclamation of the hermit, ‘why indulge yourself in such unseemly warmth? why, in such ungenerous language, abuse an order of men, to whom the early ages of society were indebted for every comfort they enjoyed—for harmony and peace. Consider—when mankind was almost in a state of nature, wild and undisciplined, we interfered, and by our holy influence moderated those passions which the civil power had in vain attempted to repress; the world would have continued to this day immersed in ignorance and barbarism, had it not been

‘ for us, who rescued from oblivion the
‘ books and learning of antiquity, and
‘ diffused science, religion, and good-
‘ will, through a discordant universe.’

Le Solitaire was preparing to acknowledge his imprudence, and apologize for his rashness, when the venerable priest, with an authoritative voice, commanded him to follow. Le Solitaire trembled—he could not refuse, and was introduced into a small, but neat apartment, where fruit, and a beverage of the purest water, were offered for his refreshment. After having passed a considerable time in conversation, his ears were on a sudden saluted with the harmony of various instruments: the monk instantly arose; and striking the ground with his staff, a pair of folding-doors, which opened at the signal, exhibited an unexpected group of monks and nuns, dancing in figures of every fantastic variety. The hall was illuminated with taste and splendor; a cold collation was an ad-

ditional elegance to the room. The old man advanced to the company with *Le Solitaire* in his hand—whose feelings on this occasion may much more forcibly be conceived than expressed. The festival was immediately suspended, and an universal homage was paid to the venerable father, who introduced his young stranger to a beautiful female, whose graceful movements and fascinating conversation would have warmed the frozen feelings of a stoic; mirth and good humor presided, when suddenly a monk, without any apparent reason, coming behind one of his brethren, stabbed him in the back with a *poinard*—a deed, at which

‘The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale,’ far from exciting symptoms of horror and detestation, to his utter astonishment, was followed by a ghastly grin, which was echoed in an unnatural laugh from every quarter of the room—the

soul of Le Solitaire sunk within him—he dared not speak, but perceiving that the festivity of the company was not checked by this disaster, he endeavored to simulate a serenity of countenance, however repugnant to his sensations. At an early hour the assembly dispersed; and his introducer desired the pleasure of leading him to his apartment—Le Solitaire followed with fear and reluctance; every step sounded horror—every wind whispered murder—He was conducted up a long and winding stair-case, by the glimmering light of a solitary taper; having reached the top, and taken leave of his host, he was preparing to rest, when a clap of thunder rent the tower in twain, and a flash of lightning which succeeded—shewed him his steed browsing at the foot of the old tree to which he had tied him—.

Still it was not late, and as the various incidents which Le Solitaire had witnessed in his reverie, had passed in

very quick transition; having recovered from the surprise which he experienced on finding himself resting on a broken pillar, instead of a lofty tower, he remounted, and fortunately found his way to the next stage, before the sun had set. It was here he met with a Welch harper, who had been blind from his infancy, and had travelled from Denbigh for the purpose of gaining a livelihood. Any attempt to give the faintest idea of his harmonious cadences would be inadequate and unsuccessful; the feeling, the delicacy, the execution, the taste which he displayed, and the successive passions which were painted on his countenance, corresponding to those he was expressing on his harp, so that every note might be read upon his face; together with the circumstance of his early loss of sight, induced Le Solitaire to pen the following

O D E

THE BLIND BARD OF LLANGOLLEN.

When Ossian struck the Northern lyre,
 And fann'd the flame of Oscar's youthful fire;
 Alone on Morven's moon-clad steep,
 Oft would the ancient bard retire to weep
 In solitude, his loss of sight,
 And silent wanderings in the realms of night;*

* "O thou that rollest above, round as the shield
 ' of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun!
 ' thy everlasting light? &c. When the
 ' world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls,
 ' and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty
 ' from the clouds, and laughest in the storm. But
 ' to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds
 ' thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows
 ' on the Eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the
 ' gates of the West. But thou art perhaps like
 ' me—for a season—thy years will have an end.
 ' Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the
 ' voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the
 ' strength of thy youth! Age is dark and un-

Rous'd from the pensive theme, his tongue
 The martial deeds of mighty Fingal sung ;
 And thus to sooth the soul's sad pain,
 From sounds of grief, to valor chang'd the strain.
 —No more, lorn minstrel ! swell the gale
 That peaceful floats on Cluwydd's winding vale,
 With mournful music—nor the hill
 Of wild Llangollen, wake to weeping still—
 Why tune the harp to sorrow's strain ?
 Why of those darkling orbits thus complain ?
 To thee belongs the pow'r to move
 The springs of grief, of pity, and of love ;

*' lovely. It is like the glimmering light of the
 ' moon when it shines through broken clouds, and
 ' the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the North
 ' is on the plain ; the traveller shrinks in the
 ' midst of his journey.'*

CARTHON.

Again—*' Son of Alpin, strike the string. Is
 ' there aught of joy in the harp ? pour it then on
 ' the soul of Ossian : it is folded in mist. I hear
 ' thee, O bard ! in my night. But cease the
 ' lightly-trembling sound. The joy of grief be-
 ' longs to Ossian, amidst his dark-brown years.'*

TEMORA, B. 7.

*The exquisite sublimity and beauty of these pas-
 sages will have already pleaded an excuse for
 transcribing them.*

To tell the tale of other days,
 And sooth the hero's anger'd ghost with praise;
 To wipe the tear from Mis'ry's eye,
 And kindly hush the wretch's deep-ton'd sigh;
 To nerve with vigor, and engage
 In youthful dance, the tott'ring limbs of age;
 The virgin's breast with love inflame,
 And teach to flutter at young Shenkin's name;
 To thee—with wild ecstatic fire
 To feel the notes, thyself alone inspire;
 Then why to sorrow yield the strain,
 And pour thy mournful cadence thus in vain?
 This hour be free—with finger wild
 Let Mirth alone, fair Pleasure's favorite child,
 Tune the chord and strike the string,
 And make with mad'ning joy the rugged moun-
 tains ring.

His health being much improved by
 the journey, Le Solitaire was returning
 to his ancient habitation on the banks
 of the Var (where it is easy to con-
 ceive his antediluvian virgin, the sole
 tenant of his cell,

..... ' Who never told her love,
 * But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 * Feed on her *damask* cheek'—

was ' pining in thought' and in eager expectation of her master) when crossing a wide and unfrequented heath, on a cheerless night, when neither moon nor stars appeared, he saw at a distance a fine sprightly fire, laughing, as it were, at the surrounding darkness. On approaching, he discovered a promiscuous assemblage of males and females. The sight was extraordinary; but as he had not much to lose, and might safely sing before the robber, he determined, whatever should be the consequence, to gratify his curiosity by making one of the party. He soon found himself in the company of a set of Gypseys, who were indulging their innocent gambols, and recounting the various adventures of the day. As he was received with a hearty welcome, however, he soon felt himself at home, and was as cheerful as the rest. After having partaken of a supper, the Grace, like that which Yorick witnessed on the

foot of Taurira, ' was a contented mind
' and a dance'—the best of thanks!

His attention was soon fixed on a young damsel, whose reciprocal and modest glances were too frequent and expressive to escape observation. Her features were delicate and regular—her countenance bespoke an affectionate and placid disposition—the vivacity of her eyes would have interested a philosopher—and to have viewed the dignity and elegance of her form, a Phidias or Praxiteles would have travelled the whole world! The magic of her charms unmanned him; he felt a foolish indiscribable sensation, which, in spite of his passionate address to the shade of Eliza, he had never before experienced; he engaged her in the dance—was almost vanquished—when the rosy softness of her lips, and luxury of her skin, completed the conquest!

Warmed to enthusiasm, the lovers, whose mutual passion had equally dis-

regarded the calm voice of reason, agreed silently to steal from the noisy society. Assisted by the friendly darkness of the night, Le Solitaire, with his fair innamorato in the rear, accordingly set off with all the speed that his beast, unaccustomed to the weight, and unconscious of the beauties, it had in charge, could possibly exert;—leaving his widowed matron to feed her melancholy in solitude, or starve it in society, he determined for his own part to quit the silence of the Alps, and breathe a gayer atmosphere. The nuptials of this happy pair were shortly celebrated, and Le Solitaire is already justified, from two successive miniatures of the Gipsy of the Heath, in anticipating on the lively banks of Windermere, the domestic joys of an increasing family.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE REIGN AND CHARACTER

Queen Elizabeth.

* To this very day her name to the bulk of
 ' the people carries a kind of magic in
 ' the sound.' *

BELSHAM'S ESSAYS, Vol. I.

HE that expects much profundity of
 historical research to be displayed
 in these observations will be miserably
 disappointed. They occurred on pe-
 rusing, in the first volume of Mr. Bel-
 sham's Essays, some remarks on the

* ' Essays Philosophical, Historical, and Lite-
 ' rary.' They were published anonymously; but
 I conceive Mr. Belsham has virtually acknowledged
 himself the author, by having prefixed one of them
 to his ' Memoirs of the House of Brunswic.'

same subject; many of which, as I cannot yield assent to them, I shall briefly state my reasons for disapproving.

His general and desultory review of the times which preceded the ascension of Elizabeth to the throne, I shall pass over, more speedily to arrive at some particulars in her political character, which Mr. Belsham notices.

He begins by observing, that ‘ nothing can be more evident throughout the whole course of her reign, than her constant and anxious solicitude that all her political transactions should have the stamp and sanction of national approbation.’

What! had the despotic treatment which her parliaments experienced, the stamp and sanction of national approbation? Was liberty at so low an ebb, that the interval of five years, from 1566 to 1571, between two sessions, was a matter of approbation to the

people? Or when the House of Lords was employed to check the freedom of debate on the subject of religious reformation in the House of Commons, had that measure the sanction of popular assent? Was her refusal to marry, was her refusal to declare a successor to the crown, were these transactions stamped and sanctioned by national approbation?

When application was first made to her by parliament, that she would marry, her answer was, 'I am already wedded, England is my husband, and all Englishmen my children.' This, Mr. Belsham calls her 'soft and gracious refusal;' but it was a poor consolatory reply indeed! The people and the parliament well knew the fatal consequences of an interrupted succession; they had not forgotten that the nation had been involved in bloody civil wars, by the hostile houses of York and Lancaster in a contest for the crown, dur-

ing the long lapse—almost of a century! and they were tremblingly solicitous that the diadem should peacefully descend to one of her own issue. But Elizabeth could not bear a partner on the throne; and although she repeatedly pledged herself to the House, ‘on the sacred word of a queen,’ for the sincerity of her intention to gratify their wishes and dissipate their apprehensions by her marriage, she took care to elude every proposal, by rendering the terms so exorbitant that no one would accept them. Yet this is a transaction, stamped and sanctioned by national approbation!

Perceiving at length that the queen was determined on celibacy, tired moreover with her reiterated ‘soft and gracious refusals,’ the subsequent parliaments contented themselves simply to petition that she would declare a successor to the crown; but in the phraseology of Elizabeth, ‘Successor’ was

synonymous with 'Rival;' * and the gratification of this request, however reasonable and peaceful was the principle which urged it, she also denied till the last moments of her life. Thus was a people deluded during the space of forty-five years! continually apprehensive that the hour of her death would give birth to a civil war, that insurrection would rise from her ashes, spreading around desolation and dismay!

Mr. B. says, 'there were indeed political as well as personal reasons of great weight why a successor should not be appointed'—what those reasons were he leaves to the penetration

* Her imperious persecution of Lady Catharine Gray on the first appearance of her pregnancy, to whom the crown might possibly have devolved, and of her husband, the Earl of Hertford, whose posterity she contrived to illegitimate, is a proof that she was no less averse that any who could pretend to the right of succession should have heirs, than to have an heir of her own body.

or historical recollection of his readers — ‘ yet she made it sufficiently evident
 ‘ that her views and intentions in that
 ‘ grand point entirely coincided with
 ‘ the best and wisest men of the na-
 ‘ tion, who all turned their eyes to the
 ‘ king of Scotland.’

In the first place, I conclude it was not sufficiently evident that her intentions were fixed on the king of Scotland, because in that case there would have been no necessity for such numerous addresses and petitions from parliament on the subject.

In the next place, I would observe, that Elizabeth equivocated on the subject of her marriage, and silenced every various importunity on that topic by some insidious manœuvre, before the king of Scotland was born, and even before his mother was married.*

* Elizabeth came to the crown in 1558; in the same year she refused an offer of marriage from Philip of Spain. Early in 1559, in reply to an address

But the sum total is, that this *maiden* queen objected to the dull formality of a marriage ceremony, in order to the more tranquil and undisturbed indulgence of her illicit amours; and hoped that at her decease the throne of England might be filled by one of her own *natural* descendants; and one of her parliaments, with an obsequiousness almost unparalleled in the annals of servility, enacted by her desire—or

of the Commons, beseeching her to marry, she told them they would not want a successor when she died, and she would be content that her marble should tell posterity, *HERE LIES A QUEEN THAT REIGNED SO LONG, AND LIVED AND DIED A VIRGIN.* The queen of Scotland was married to Darnley in 1565, and James was not born till the 19th of June, 1766. Long before this time, Elizabeth had refused offers from Charles arch-duke of Austria, the king of Sweden, the duke of Holstein, the earl of Arran, the earl of Arundel, sir Wm. Pickering, Robert Dudley, &c. it seems pretty evident, that at *this* time at least, her intentions could not have been directed towards the king of Scotland,

to use a more significant and appropriate term—by her command, that the crown at her decease should be worn by her NATURAL ISSUE! A much stronger and more presumptive evidence of Elizabeth's incontinence, than all her profligate and abandoned hirelings could invent to sully the chaste character of Mary. 'The existence of such a law as this upon our Statute-book,' says Whitaker, 'is a full proof of the effrontery of Elizabeth in vice, and of the obsequiousness of the nation in meanness; and the law itself stands as a strong note of infamy upon both, at present.'

Very few are the reflections made in this Essay of Mr. B. on the behavior of Elizabeth towards the queen of Scots; whether he despaired of being able to justify it, or from what other motive, in defending the character of our English Heroine, he has omitted a consideration of the subject, I cannot pre-

sume to determine; but as a view of this reign necessarily reflects a picture of the unfortunate Mary, there will be no great impropriety in directing our attention to it. A subject, however, which perhaps has baffled the keenest and most indefatigable research of the antiquary, and employed the voluminous pen of the historian, no one will expect to be treated with much minuteness in an essay of this kind.

Elizabeth was the fruit of the marriage of Henry VIII. with the beautiful Ann Boleyn, the nullity of which, and consequent illegitimacy of its issue, that tyrant procured by the consent, or rather by the contemptible servility of his parliament. This circumstance led Elizabeth to apprehend that her throne rested on a very crumbling and dissoluble foundation. Mary queen of Scots being next heir to the crown, and perceiving this flaw in the preten-

sions of the Queen, by the instigation of her uncle the duke of Guise, openly claimed a superior right to it; the assertion of this claim was the very natural origin of that jealousy, which remained long after the reason of it was removed, and which is well known only to have terminated in the destruction of its object.

But the animosity of Elizabeth was excited, or at least inflamed, by another circumstance, namely, the refusal of Mary to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, which had been drawn up during her absence from her country.

In the reign of Edward VI. Mary had been sent to France, in order to avoid a matrimonial connexion with that young prince; and during her residence there, the contentions between the catholics and reformers were carried to such excess in Scotland, that Elizabeth—induced by her superabundant humanity! sent troops to quell the

fury of these infatuated religionists:
 ‘ But,’ says Mr. Belsham, ‘ the part
 ‘ she took in the affairs of Scotland
 ‘ was perfectly agreeable to the senti-
 ‘ ments of the nation, and I think to
 ‘ every principle of sound policy’!

After this interference, a treaty was agreed on by Elizabeth with the regent and parliament of Scotland, in which, among many other articles, it was settled, that the king and queen of Scotland should not assume the title of king and queen of England and Ireland, nor bear the arms of those kingdoms; that the farther satisfaction required by the queen of England for the injury done her by assuming these titles, should be referred to a conference at London between the commissioners from the two crowns; and that if the commissioners could not agree, the decision should be left to the king of Spain.

Mary, on her return from France,

where she had married the Dauphin, refused to ratify this treaty, to the framing of which she had been a total stranger. Whatever might have been her reasons, it could not have been on account of that article which disavowed her pretensions to the English crown, because, on another application of Elizabeth, 'she offered,' says Rapin, 'to send commissioners to the borders to agree with those of the queen of England upon a new treaty, where she would promise neither to assume the title nor the arms of England: thus,' adds he, 'Elizabeth could not with justice require more of her; nevertheless she took this answer as a refusal, which in my opinion is a clear evidence of what I have said elsewhere, that Elizabeth intended to make use of this absolute ratification, if Mary had been so unwise as to give it, against Mary herself, and thereby prove she had

‘no title to the crown of England.’
What can more palpably demonstrate
the dissimulation of Elizabeth?

Mr. Belsham tells us, that the misfortunes of Mary were owing, not to the intrigues of Elizabeth, but to her own unexampled indiscretion, ‘I should rather say,’ adds he, ‘her own atrocious criminalities.’

In the first place, I am extremely sceptical as to the atrocity of Mary’s conduct; I think the arguments against the probability that she conspired against the life of her husband lord Darnley, very much preponderate. Murray,* who hoped to have married the queen

* See Whitaker’s very laborious vindication of Mary, vol. III. page 211, &c. Previously to this conspiracy, Darnley had concerted the murder of Murray; that the latter should return the compliment therefore, a priori, is not a very improbable supposition. Whitaker flatly accuses Elizabeth and Cecil of having been privy to the murder. See his reasons in ‘Vindication,’ &c. vol. III. p. 253, &c.

and succeeded to the government, and Morton, were the first projectors of it; Lethington, Bothwell, and others, were afterwards engaged in it. They met at the castle at Craigmillar, and solemnly subscribed an indenture, engaging, that whichever had the best opportunity should dispatch him. Morton at the scaffold declared the queen of Scots innocent of the murder, as did four of Bothwell's servants in the same awful situation, Dagleishe, Powry, Hepburne, and Hay. Bothwell himself, in his last moments, stung with remorse, confessed that he had been guilty of the king's murder, revealed the names of the persons who were his accomplices, and with the most solemn protestations declared the honor and innocence of the queen. His confession was transmitted to Elizabeth, but was *suppressed by her* with successful anxiety.*

* Stuart.

Nay, Elizabeth had the effrontery herself to acknowledge the innocence of Mary; she commanded Cecil, in the presence of all her privy council, to tell 'the Erle of Murray and his adherents, that thair had been nathing sufficientlie producit nor schawin be thame aganis the Quene thair Sovereane, quhairby the Quene of Ingland sould conceive or tak ony evil opinion of the Quene hir guid sister, for ony thing zit sene.' This acknowledgement, too, was made after the English tyrant had heard all the charges, and all the evidence which was produced against the unfortunate Mary, to convict her of adultery and of murder.*

But even if these arguments in favor of her innocence did not preponderate, her guilt would admit of some pallia-

* For a more copious and satisfactory account, see Whitaker's Vindication, Vol. I. p. 155. &c.

tion, if we consider the notorious infidelity of Darnley ; his ungrateful attempt to wrest the government from Mary, and seat himself on her throne ; his black and cowardly assassination of David Rizzio in her presence, when she was advanced six months in her pregnancy ; his dastardly and despicable equivocation in first publicly acknowledging his conspiracy for that purpose, and afterwards as publicly disavowing it ; I say, if we consider these circumstances, together with the imbecillity and suspicion which composed his character, and the general contempt and detestation with which he was regarded by the people, one shade may be taken from the darkness of the deed, had she in reality been accessory to it.

Nor can I believe that her subsequent marriage with Bothwell was voluntary : that she should make no resistance, when attacked by eight hundred armed horsemen, seems no

very presumptive evidence that she was *voluntarily* taken to Dunbar; that the casquet of letters, brought forward in proof of the guilt of both, should have been forgotten by Bothwell, and carelessly left behind in the castle of Edinburgh, is an improbability, which must stagger the most unsuspicious credulity; and the resignation, the fortitude, the tranquillity of mind, which Mary preserved through the insolence and confinement of nineteen years, are surely incompatible with a guilty conscience.

With regard to the seizure of Mary by Bothwell, it may be observed, that it was the consequence of his desperation at Mary's refusal to marry him; he intimated his wish to her, the day after he had received the bond from the associated nobles recommending him for her husband. At that time, from whatever motive, he did not choose to produce the bond, and the consequent re-

ply was unfavourable; his pride was wounded, and the ruffian resolved to carry her away by force. But, says Mr. Hume, Sir James Melvil, one of her retinue, and who was taken prisoner with her, says that 'he saw no signs of reluctance or complaint;' that historian, therefore, profound and philosophical as in general he is, concludes it to have been a voluntary capture, and to have been effected by her tacit consent or indirect contrivance. Whitaker combats this deduction with a great deal of force; if Mary had been really carried away by collusion, she would certainly have resisted and vociferated, probably with much vehemence, in order to maintain the *appearance* of a seizure.* Moreover, to show that Bothwell, if not confident that she abhorred him, was extremely diffident

* See this subject fully treated in Whitaker's *Vindication*, Vol. III. p. 110.

that she loved him, Sir James Melvil himself says, that when they had arrived at Dunbar, ‘ there the earl of Bothwell boasted he *would* marry the queen, who would or who would not, yea whether she would herself or no.’ Whitaker very clearly proves that she only consented—if it may be called consent—to the marriage with Bothwell, as a melancholy asylum for violated chastity, and that she had actually suffered from that black unfeeling savage, the foul indignity of a rape ! *

The guilt of Mary, however, has been a subject of violent and tedious controversy ever since her death ; and my acquaintance with the circumstances that favor or derogate from its probability, is much too confined to lengthen the discussion : but,

In the second place, were it even

* Whitaker, &c. Vol. III. Read the whole of the third chapter.

established to the fullest and most atrocious extent,—did that sanction the treatment which she experienced from Elizabeth? When she fled to England, was not her imprisonment a violation of justice as well as a breach of hospitality? If Elizabeth did not choose to afford her protection, why not openly inform her so, and leave her at liberty to find it elsewhere? What right had she to interfere with Mary's criminalities? Is England the proud tribunal before which, a foreign, an independent power is to be summoned to answer the charge of private misconduct? Should we have acknowledged the right of any other power to have judged the criminalities of our own expatriated monarch? All kingdoms are to each other in a state of nature; no civil society subsists between them; therefore no *one* has a right, however it may possess the power, to intermeddle with the concerns of any *other*. Mr. Belsham,

however, asserts that ‘ her long imprisonment, trial, and execution, were justified by the strongest reasons of state necessity, and by the urgent and unanimous wishes and applications of the whole English nation.’

To this I would observe, that a breach of morality has often been sanctioned by the name of Policy; but far from being incompatible with, I acknowledge myself orthodox enough to believe, that sound policy invariably, without one solitary exception, consists in the most rigid observance of the dictates of morality; and if the imprisonment, trial, and execution of Mary were in themselves unjust, no reason of state necessity however strong, nor applications however unanimous, of the nation, could or ought to justify them. But this was an opportunity to crush the power of a rival which Elizabeth could not withstand.

I cannot omit noticing the extreme

dissimulation, which Elizabeth practised on the application of parliament that she would sign the death-warrant of Mary; particularly as it appears to Mr. B.

‘ That Davison was much more the
 ‘ dupe of Burleigh than of Elizabeth,
 ‘ and it seems evident that the secretary,
 ‘ at the suggestion of that nobleman,
 ‘ dispatched the warrant for the unfor-
 ‘ tunate Mary without the knowledge
 ‘ of the Queen, who could not be
 ‘ brought to a final determination on
 ‘ the matter.’

It was the policy of Elizabeth to propagate the opinion that she was reluctant to the execution of Mary; to effect this, the repeated solicitations of her parliaments on the subject, were insidiously evaded; and when such evasions had operated to the precise extent of her desires, she at length delivered to her secretary Davison, a writing signed with her own hand, and sealed with her own signet, says Rapin, commanding

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him to draw a warrant under the great seal for the queen of Scots' execution, 'but enjoined him withal, to keep the warrant by him, and acquaint no man therewith.'

The next day, she ordered Davison *not* to draw the warrant; but he told her it was drawn, and already under seal; at which she blamed him—for making so much haste truly! Notwithstanding her pretended displeasure, however, at his precipitation, instead of revoking her order, or taking away the warrant, she slyly left it in his hands, without giving him the least information on the propriety of farther procedure.

In this perplexity, he imparted the transaction to a council, and it was determined to execute the warrant; it was accordingly given to Beal, who immediately departed to Fotheringay castle with two executioners. After his departure, the Queen told Davison that

she had changed her mind! nevertheless, instead of recalling Beal, seven days intervened between his departure and Mary's execution.

Mr. Belsham thinks there is not sufficient evidence to accuse Elizabeth of having been at the head of this party; but let it be remembered that the council to whom Davison applied, was composed of Burleigh, Walsingham, and Leicester, the queen's ministers and confidants, who were too interested in securing her smiles to have dared execute the warrant under the uncertainty of her favorable inclinations; and that after she had signed the warrant, a letter was written by her command to Paulet, Mary's keeper, begging him, by shortening the days of his prisoner, to relieve his sovereign from continual anxiety and danger. He refused to act the part of an assassin, on which Elizabeth called him a dainty and pre-

cise fellow, who would promise much but perform nothing.*

Elizabeth on hearing the *unexpected* news of Mary's death, of course appeared to be very much afflicted, and immediately wrote a loving letter to James of Scotland, protesting her innocence of the transaction, and expressing in the warmest terms her friendship and regard for him!

That she ordered Davison to be tried for disobedience of her commands, cannot excite surprise in any one who is acquainted with her character; she wanted to appease James, and conceived this to be a very effectual method. But Davison before the Star-chamber expressly affirmed that it was the intention of the Queen to have the execution done. As to the other counsellors, she kindly forgave them, because, as she very justly observed, they had only

* Robertson's Scotland, Book VII.

‘transgressed out of an excess of zeal
‘for her.’

This subject has been pursued the farther, because Mr. Belsham has totally omitted any investigation of it.

Mr. B. appears rather out of temper with Mr. Hume, for saying that the parliaments in this reign *pretended* to enact laws, &c. Let me ask any man, if the power of enacting laws can really be said to reside in that body which was prohibited from, and acquiesced in the prohibition of * ‘intermeddling with
‘any matters of state or of religion?’ Such was the expression which the slave lord-keeper Bacon used in the Queen’s name. And when the speaker, Sir Edward Coke, made the usual request of liberty of speech, she replied ‘that
‘their privilege extended no farther
‘than aye or no; that they were not

* A few members excepted, who were imprisoned for their temerity.

‘ at liberty, every one to speak what he
 ‘ listeth.’ She enjoined him also ‘ to
 ‘ refuse any bills which attempted the
 ‘ reformation of the church, or the
 ‘ innovation of the commonwealth.’
 Strickland—respected be his memory!
 was forbidden the house, because he
 brought in a bill for the amendment of
 the liturgy; but Elizabeth, finding this
 rather an unpopular proceeding, had
 what Mr. Belsham calls the good sense
 and *moderation* to send her royal *per-*
mission that he might return to his of-
 fice.

Peter Wentworth also introduced a
 bill for entailing the succession, in con-
 sequence of which he and several other
 commoners were imprisoned. About a
 fortnight after, a motion was made for
 their release; but it being argued that
 the Queen imprisoned them for reasons
 best known to herself, the subject was
 dropped! Can the independent power of
 enacting laws be considered as residing

in such a pitiful body as this? Does it follow, that because Strickland, Yelverton, Wentworth, and a few others dared speak their honest sentiments, that the parliament as a body was not slavishly obedient to the beck of a tyrant? Had it not been for the surrounding darkness, these great men would not have shone with such transplendent lustre.

Mr. Belsham mentions the fatal catastrophe of Essex, in support of his assertion, how much the Queen predominated over the woman; when she gave him a box on the ear during a dispute on the choice of a governor for Ireland, the spirit of the woman, I think seems rather to have gotten the better of the Queen. With regard to the execution of Essex, Mr. B. perhaps did not recollect that Elizabeth once made him a present of a ring; promising at the same time, that into whatever disgrace he might fall, if he would return

the ring, the sight of it, like the magic of a talisman, would instantaneously revive her former tenderness and affection for him. Essex, after his condemnation, resolved to try the experiment and put her sincerity to the test; he committed the ring, therefore, to the care of the countess of Nottingham, desiring her to deliver it to the Queen; she neglected, however, to do so, and the execution of Essex was the consequence; the countess shortly afterwards falling ill herself, informed the Queen of her omission, who exclaimed in a furious passion, that ‘ God might pardon her, but she never could.’ So that it seems, the fatal catastrophe of Essex was not so much owing to the predominance of the Queen over the woman, as to the treachery of the countess.

I shall conclude with the most willing acknowledgment that Elizabeth possessed many excellent qualities: she

paid all the debts which had been contracted by her father, sister, and brother, in three preceding reigns; never demanded, nay generously refused, any supply from parliament, when she had no immediate and pressing occasion; she was wonderfully tolerant in matters of religion, if we consider the example which her predecessor had set; her abilities were great and splendid; they have been impeached, however, by Catharine Macauley. ‘The vices of this ‘princess,’ says that energetic historian and friend of freedom, ‘were such as ‘could not exist with a good heart, nor ‘her weaknesses with a good head; but ‘to the unaccountable caprice of party-‘zeal, she owes the reputation of qua-‘lities, which would do honor to a mas-‘culine mind.’ But her judicious choice of generals and ministers, her skilful expulsion of the catholic, and restoration of the reformed religion, to-

gether with many other circumstances, which might be enumerated, appear to me incontrovertible proofs, that her talents were great, and her judgement sound. I shall conclude with condensing her character in these few words; she possessed the *SUMMUM JUS*, but sullied its purity, with the *SUMMA INIURIA*.



EUGENIUS.

..... TURBIDA TERRET IMAGO.

IT was in the month of August, when Eugenius, relinquishing a successful engagement in commercial life, withdrew from the expence of a tumultuous and dissipated metropolis. Uncontaminated by the poison of mercantile spirit, he had long sighed for the pleasures of rural retirement, and he thanked heaven that he was once again permitted to explore those sublime regions of philosophy from which his earlier youth had derived such exquisite pleasure and improvement.

The cultivated mind and placid temper of Eugenius had equally qualified for solitude and society. He knew, because he had felt, their respective

value, and he loved them both: but it was neither the gloomy solitude of the misanthropic anchorite, nor the licentious society of the noisy debauchee. His warm and generous heart delighted in the company of his friend, whilst the native industry of his intellect found ample sources of instruction in the silence of solitude and lonely sequestration. The range of his literary pursuits had been liberal and unconfined: history and polity—theology and morals—but neither the bigoted and acrimonious theology of the fanatic, nor the cold and sullen morality of the sceptic. He had studied poetry to enjoy the beauties of nature, and nature to enjoy the beauties of poetry: and whilst his judgment enabled him to exercise his time with utility, he possessed taste to relish the delicious employ.

With such a disposition, so totally unfitted for business, he was summoned by the imperious voice of a father to

enter on the bustle of mercantile life ; his father, however, did not long enjoy the pleasure of this darling connexion—he died—and the heavy concern devolved on the unequal Eugenius ! He was unsuccessful ; an almost uninterrupted series of misfortunes, intricate as unavoidable, soon conducted him to the brink of bankruptcy ; he was even driven to the necessity of offering his very books to sale—To a mind delicate and susceptible as was that of Eugenius, this was a galling, a corroding compulsion—it was tearing from him every thing he held most dear—it was drying up the only remaining source of comfort and delight ; he hesitated—it was too late — they were already advertised—it did not avail, nothing should force him to the irrecoverable step. After having resolved to recal the advertisement, from the overflow of a grateful and affectionate heart, he wrote the following ad-

dress to his books; and though not generally of pedantic propensity, could not avoid prefixing two lines from an elegant Latin poet, which seem almost to have been written expressly for the occasion:

*'Vos' mihi curarum requies, 'vos' nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis 'vos' mihi turba locis.*

TIBULLUS.

With you to chase the shades of night,
To bid them wing their airy flight,
Companions of my solitary hour!

With you to sooth that brow of care
My fate has long compell'd to wear,
I smile at fortune's unrelenting pow'r.

Dear as the quivering taper's light
To the lone traveller of the night,
Dear as the spider on the pris'ner's grate *
The lonely solace of his silent fate,
Are you to me!

* It is reported of a melancholy captive under sentence of perpetual confinement, that he beguiled

What though the genius of the storm
 In thunder roll his awful form,
 Dart in his flight from east to west
 Pale livid lightnings from his breast,
 Pour relentless rains on earth,
 Black as the clouds that gave them birth;
 Thunder, light'ning, and rain, fit to 'waken
 the dead,
 Vainly lash in their fury my humble-roof'd
 shed ;
 With you all around, in my study so snug,
 My pipe in one hand, in the other my jug,
 'Tis nothing to me, tho' the hollow winds
 roll,
 Nor guilt nor anxiety harrow my soul !

Beshrew the festive song—profane I ween,
 But let me steal along the silent scene

his heavy hours in conversation with a spider ; by
 accident, or the inhumanity of his keeper, this so-
 lemn friend and partner of his solitude was swept
 from his grate. So strong was the attachment con-
 tracted, that the wretched prisoner is said shortly to
 have died of grief.

In wilds where never human foot has trod,
Where Nature pays her purest vows to
God!

There let me sit, and with expanded soul
O'er Milton's numbers musically roll;
Or hear the hoary bard of Morven sing,
Or soar aloft on Shakspeare's eagle wing.

With you, my friends, in some sequester'd
cell,

Calm and contented let me ever dwell,
For you will smile upon the loneliest glade
And cheer of Solitude, the deepest shade!

Unencumbered by the weight of a mercantile concern, to which, by nature as well as education, he was utterly incompetent, and having with most honorable punctuality discharged the debts that had consequently accumulated, Eugenius now felt a satisfaction, of which it was not in the power of misfortune to deprive him. Never having habituated himself to the indulgencies of luxury and dissipation, a trivial income

could support him with dignity and ease. Thus prepared for the pleasures of simplicity and solitude, he accordingly set out for the place of his retirement; and recollecting that a very old acquaintance of his deceased father possessed a large and beautiful estate, not much out of his way, he determined to visit him. On his arrival, he found the veteran in a declining state of body, but, nevertheless, in good spirits; and was received by him with a warmth of expression, that most sensibly affected the soul of the susceptible Eugenius.—

‘ It is fifteen years and more, Eugene,
 ‘ since you visited Broom-hill, and
 ‘ many are the changes, boy, that even
 ‘ this sequestered spot has undergone.
 ‘ Perhaps, you feel inclined to pay a
 ‘ visit to the wood; that wood, Eu-
 ‘ gene, which in happier days so oft
 ‘ resounded with your youthful song.’
 The invitation was in unison with the
 wishes of Eugenius, and he eagerly ac-

cepted it. 'For my part,' exclaimed the old gentleman, 'I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you, but you must suffer me to ride on horse-back, for these legs have long since proved rebellious, and refused to carry even such a worn-out body as mine.' Eugenius smiled at the good humor of his hoary-headed host, and they both agreed to ride.

Passing through a variety of elegantly diversified scenery, Eugenius observed a small cluster of trees with a rude kind of porch to it, formed by a curvature of the branches, just large enough to enter at. Seeing him particularly attentive to this object, 'come,' said the old gentleman with a smile, 'lend me a friendly arm, we'll step in and cool ourselves.' In the centre of these trees was a large stump of an antique oak, on which was written in rough characters, a kind of memorial inscription. 'This oak,' said he, 'was

‘ felled with many others to assist my
 ‘ juvenile extravagance at the gaming
 ‘ table ; my father’s old steward, who
 ‘ then lived with me, but is since dead,
 ‘ a good man of rustic genius, carved
 ‘ the lines which you see. I was rather
 ‘ angry at first, but on reflection, could
 ‘ not censure the tribute he had paid
 ‘ to such long-known and much-honored
 ‘ acquaintance.’

Eugenius took a copy of the inscription, which was couched in the following words :

Hence be the rude unfeeling hand, far hence
 Which plac’d the murd’rous axe against thy
 roots,

King of the vegetable world ! O thou,
 Whose hospitable boughs have ne’er denied
 The breathless traveller thy protection,
 When from the pelting storm, his hasten’d
 steps

Have borne him to thy venerable arms,
 Ah, whither art thou gone ! Thou who hast
 mock’d

The wildest warfare of contending winds,
Smiled at the lightning's deadly dart, and tired
The unequal arm of disappointed time,
Where art thou now ! Alas ! methinks I see
The pensive flock, when to the 'custom'd spot
In which thou stoodst with majesty unrival'd,
They hie to 'scape the torrent of the skies,
Shaking their fleecy coat upon thy trunk,
And weeping o'er thy sad untimely fate !

Is it to pay the gamester's debt thou diest?
Is it—alas! thine aged shoulders bend
To poise the tott'ring fortune of a spendthrift?
Ah me! how different from that festive day
When erst I saw young William's manly face
Smiling with love, as to the blackbird's note
He danc'd in rustical simplicity,
Under thy shady wing!
While every virgin blush, ere it could shed
Its vermeil bloom o'er Charlotte's lovely
cheek,
He shelter'd from the swain's surrounding
eyes
By an endearing enviable kiss!

Having refreshed themselves in the

cool of this umbrageous retreat, they remounted their horses, and returned to the mansion, where a plain, yet elegant dinner awaited their approach. The glass passed cheerfully, till it was time for Eugenius to prepare for his departure; when the sky beginning to look black and stormy, the old gentleman pressed Eugenius to take a bed with him, to which he consented without much reluctance. The afternoon and evening were passed in various conversation, and at an early hour they both retired to rest.

Eugenius was conducted by an old housekeeper, the shrivelled sun-burnt daughter of thrice thirty summers, into a large and gloomy apartment, where, as no one had slept for many and many a night, a small fire had been previously lighted to dissipate the damp.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by the hollow sound of some distant step, which seemed approaching

to his chamber-door—Eugenius held his breath—his pulse beat quick—and in spite of every boldest resolution his heart palpitated with unusual force; shortly, the door opened, and by the faint light of the taper which yet burned by the bed-side, he observed a poor, emaciated form, that startled at the light, come trembling into the room; its eyes were dark and hollow—its head was bald—a loose, light gown, half concealed a figure, tall, lean, and worn away with sorrow—dejection and despair sate mingled on its brow, and care had enfeebled it with premature old age! With an uneven step it tottered to the fire, and warmed its withered fingers over the few dying embers that remained—Eugenius was almost stifled—the figure sat down—Eugenius breathed—the figure rolled its eyes to one corner of the room, and with ghastly velocity shrunk instantly from the sight—Eugenius trembled—

the figure groaned—Eugenius determined to rise from his bed—he hesitated—he rose—the figure startled, and with feeble precipitance fled from the room.

Not a wink of sleep could he get after this mysterious phantom had invaded the peacefulness of his repose; and no summons was ever more cheerfully obeyed, than that which called him to breakfast in the morning. The old gentleman observing his countenance to be pale and thoughtful, asked him whether he had been unwell, and how he had slept? Eugenius unfolded the horrors of his night in language of solemnity and fear—the veteran was evidently agitated at the recital: ‘ I am sorry for the interruption of your repose,’ said he, ‘ but it is useless now to disguise the truth; that poor creature whom you saw, is MY OWN BROTHER—for many a melancholy year he has been bereft of rea-

‘son, and fancies himself to have been
 ‘guilty of an atrocious murder, which
 ‘often makes him roll his eyes about
 ‘with wildness and affright. By some
 ‘accident he escaped from his keeper,
 ‘and entered your apartment last
 ‘night.’

Eugenius, whose conjectures had wandered to the borders of superstition for a satisfactory explanation of the phænomenon, was now convinced that no supernatural being had paid him a visit, and expressing his sorrow for the cause, rather than the consequence, as soon as breakfast was over, took leave of his kind host and proceeded on his journey.

Nothing material occurred to him, till one afternoon as he was recounting his past misfortunes, and anticipating the tranquillity of his future enjoyments, his attention was roused by the piteous cries of some one imploring assistance. A more willing advocate in the cause of distress, could not possibly

have been found than Eugenius.—He had a nerve in unison with every various tone of misery,—and had learned ‘from other’s woe to feel himself a man;’ if excess of sensibility be a crime, Eugenius stands convicted. No sooner were his ears assailed, than animated with that amiable courage, which humanity so forcibly inspires, he immediately dismounted, and looking over the hedge whence the sound appeared to issue, he discovered two murder-looking ruffians, rifling the pockets of an infirm old man; the successive frosts of fourscore winters had whitened every hair of his head; yet even these could not secure him from outrage, and the sanctity of age was unfeelingly violated. The lusty strokes of Eugenius’s arm, however, and the rheumatic influence of a heavy stick, were successful in vanquishing the assailants; they were suffered to escape unpursued, that the venerable ancient might not be left

alone and unprotected; it appeared, however, that no material harm had been done, and the loss of money was the principal injury sustained. After having expressed in the warmest terms a sense of obligation and gratitude, he pressed Eugenius to take some refreshment at his cottage, which was hard by, before he proceeded any farther; being somewhat fatigued, he readily accepted the invitation; and placing the old man on his horse, desired him to lead the way.

They rode a considerable time, till they came to a dark and almost impenetrable wood, when, after winding thro' a long circuitous path, Eugenius, somewhat in a suspicious tone, asked the old man whither he was conducting him? He had scarcely spoken when he found himself at the jaws of a cavern—Eugenius trembled—he entered, but had no sooner passed the threshold, than a massy door of solid iron

rolled on its tremendous hinges, and with a noise more dreadful than the thunder of the spheres, struck fire against a huge stone that caught the spring of the lock. His guide had disappeared—it was dark and silent as the grave! He was groping about, when suddenly a monstrous mastiff seized hold of his coat—fortunately it was rent in twain, by which means he escaped; and the rattling of a heavy chain soon convinced him that this formidable antagonist had not power to pursue; but his voice—a voice that would have done honor to a hell-hound—still agitated every fibre of his trembling frame.

He was soon relieved, however, if it may be called relief, from this hopeless and fearful situation, by the sullen approach of a great hairy negro, holding in his hand a small taper, who, without speaking a word, introduced him with an imperious step into an apart-

ment more elegant than he had reason to expect. A lovely female was reclining on a sofa; she politely arose to receive the stranger, and desired him to draw a seat. ‘That old man,’ said she, ‘whom you assisted, is my father, and those two robbers, who were apparently plundering him, have lived in this cavern fourteen years; by nocturnal depredations we are enabled to live in the splendor which surrounds you; one of our gang was lately killed in a rencontre, and we adopted this expedient to try the valor of some one qualified to succeed him; your courage is now approved, and on you that honor is conferred.’

To draw the picture of Eugenius on this occasion, would be to draw the picture of horror and despair. The current of his blood was frozen; he was motionless and silent; his soul revolted at the very name of robber; but the idea of becoming a ruffian by

profession kindled every latent indignation, and roused every principle of honor and humanity—he boldly upbraided the foul ingratitude of the old man, and peremptorily refused to accept the offer. He had, however, scarcely signified his abhorrence, when the arrival of the robbers was announced by the massy iron gate turning with a hideous noise on its enormous hinges. Eugenius's heart fainted within him—he dropped on his knees, and the better to meditate his delivery from this hell, apparently assented to the life of a robber.

In a moment afterwards the old man appeared, accompanied by his twin myrmidons laden with the spoils of some hapless, plundered passenger. The old negro was immediately commanded to prepare supper, and a human feast ordered to celebrate the dreadful initiation of Eugenius; the wine was served up in human skulls, and every savage

luxury united in the bloody banquet of this terrible banditti.

At an early hour, Eugenius begged leave to retire to rest, and was conducted by the old negro to a somewhat splendid apartment, in which a fire had been lighted and was cheerfully blazing by order of the lovely lady of the cave. Alone and undisturbed, he endeavored to compose his ruffled spirits, in order to deliberate with himself on the best means of effectuating his escape. After a thousand suggestions as various as uncertain of success, he resolved to attempt it through the medium of the beautiful female whom Eugenius had observed to look on him, both at his entrance and during supper, with particular complacency. ‘It is my duty,’ said Eugenius in a somewhat impassioned tone, ‘to endeavor at reclaiming this fair one from the vicious habits she has acquired. Her countenance bespeaks a native gentleness of heart,

‘ which, if I mistake not, already par-
 ‘ ticipates my misfortunes, and inclines
 ‘ her to become my deliverer from this
 ‘ hideous cavern. I will relate to her
 ‘ in the morning, when the felons shall
 ‘ be gone out, the history of my former
 ‘ with the prospect of my future life;
 ‘ and I will offer her a shelter in my
 ‘ dear paternal cot from the vices and
 ‘ criminalties of this imbruted gang.’

Eugenius had scarcely ceased his soli-
 loquy, when the door of his apartment
 opened, and discovered to his view the
 beautiful female in a negligent night-
 dress approaching his bed. ‘ I am
 ‘ come,’ said she, in a tone of exqui-
 site sweetness—‘ I am come, young
 ‘ man, to offer you my services. Ad-
 ‘ miring the manliness of your deport-
 ‘ ment, and struck with the honest
 ‘ frankness of your countenance—I
 ‘ commiserate your misfortune, and am
 ‘ anxious to assist you. Prepare there-
 ‘ fore, if you be willing, to leave this

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 ‘ ment, and struck with the honest
 ‘ frankness of your countenance—I
 ‘ commiserate your misfortune, and am
 ‘ anxious to assist you. Prepare there-
 ‘ fore, if you be willing, to leave this

‘ place to-morrow ; I will conduct you
‘ in security through the wood by which
‘ you entered, and restore you to a
‘ world, more vicious and depraved
‘ than even this haunt of lawless fel-
‘ lons.’ The heart of Eugenius beat
high with exultation, and he was just
about to pour out before her the effu-
sions of his grateful soul, when inter-
rupting him, she enjoined secrecy and
silence, and immediately withdrew. His
eyes followed her to the door, which,
wishing him good night, she gently
closed. Eugenius now threw himself
upon the bed, and endeavored to com-
pose himself to sleep : but the bright
prospect of speedy emancipation had
taken possession of his mind, and ba-
nished the drowsy god his empire. At
length morning came—Eugenius arose,
and waited most impatiently for the
moment when the robbers should set
out in quest of other travellers, whom
they might despoil. At length the

long wished for hour arrived, and Eugenius had the satisfaction of hearing the old man charge the negro to attend respectfully on the new-comer, and to provide him with whatever he required. In a moment afterwards he heard the iron gate close, and was immediately summoned by the old slave to breakfast.

Eugenius eagerly obeyed, and was conducted to the room in which, in company with the banditti, he had supped the preceding evening. The lady appeared — Eugenius bowed respectfully; breakfast was served, and the negro ordered to retire. — ‘ I know
 ‘ not, madam,’ said Eugenius, after a few moments pause and in a tremulous tone of voice, ‘ I know not how to express the emotions of my heart for the
 ‘ signal favor you are about to confer on me—helpless and forlorn, you
 ‘ have compassionated my sufferings;
 ‘ and respecting the feelings of a man

' educated in sentiments of honor and
 ' integrity, have resolved to restore me
 ' to the enjoyments of social commu-
 ' nion. At a few miles distance from
 ' the entrance of the wood, I inherit
 ' a small estate, to which I was retir-
 ' ing from the busy scenes of com-
 ' mercial life, when my progress was
 ' impeded by an accident, with the is-
 ' sue of which you are well acquainted.
 ' Perchance, disgusted with the savage
 ' solitude of this cimmerian abode,
 ' you may incline to retire from it—if
 ' so—proceed with me to my cottage,
 ' and we will taste together the tran-
 ' quil pleasures of rustic retirement.'

' Young man,' exclaimed the lady
 in a deeply impressive tone, ' the emo-
 ' tions of gratitude depicted on your
 ' countenance do honor to your heart;
 ' but, know I am bound to this place
 ' by the most sacred ties—by the ada-
 ' mantine chains of loyalty and love—
 ' press me no farther on this subject,

‘ I beseech you—all I require, in re-
 ‘ turn for the assistance I may afford
 ‘ you, is—an oath—that you keep se-
 ‘ cret the place of our abode. In
 ‘ this cavern dwell a father and a lover
 ‘ more dear to me than life. Swear to
 ‘ preserve inviolable the secret of their
 ‘ residence, and prepare instantly to
 ‘ set out with me from the wood.’ In
 a deep and solemn tone, she then ad-
 ministered an oath, which Eugenius re-
 ceived on his knees.

The old negro was then ordered to
 unclosethe massive gate, and Euge-
 nius, led by his lovely conductress, bade
 farewell to the cave, which but a few
 short hours before, in the deep gloom
 of his imagination, he believed to be
 the place of his dreadful and perpetual
 incarceration. After half an hour’s
 walk, beguiled by varied conversation,
 through an intricately winding path,
 they arrived at the mouth of the wood;
 where, after repeating in still more so-

lemn manner, the ceremony of the oath, they took an affectionate leave of each other, and proceeded in their several routes.

The mind of Eugenius was once more at ease, and he reached his cottage in the hope of passing a life of tranquillity and ease. He had not, however, been settled more than a twelvemonth, before a letter arrived, informing him that the old gentleman, whom he had visited in his way, was on his death-bed, and wished to see Eugenius before he breathed his last. He immediately set off, but carefully avoided the road which conducted to the well-remembered wood; he stopped at a little village, and while dinner was preparing, walked out to see any thing that might be worth observation. A ruined abbey, situated on a most romantic and delicious spot, arrested his attention; he sat down on the top of a

broken pillar, and, somewhat in a lively
humor, penned the following lines

To an old rotten Abbey.

Could not thy massy walls escape Time's
hungry tooth?

Hath he vanquish'd thine age—since he could
not thy youth?

Hath he dared, Superstition, to crack *thy* old
bones?

Must *thy* limbs intermix too with these scat-
ter'd stones?

For of yore I've been told that thou liv'dst in
this house,

But at present here lives—not so much as a
mouse!

I beg pardon—the screech-owl all night sits
alone

In yon tott'ring tow'r, and indulges her moan;
There complains to the moon of each stone
that is flung

At the heads of her poor little innocent young;
By some graceless young dogs that have found
out her nest,

And are taught to call feeling and pity—a
jest!

But what wierd form is that stalking around,
 And so solemnly pacing this ruinous ground?
 'Tis thy ghost, Superstition, bewailing the loss
 Of that pow'r which once hung on the crosier
 and cross;

Of those vot'ries, who fed from thy liberal urn,
 Grateful souls!—did not fail to feed thee in
 return.

Time's registry-book, thou old hag, will unfold
 How long thy foul fang on mankind kept its
 hold;

The stones in yon chancel, so worn by the
 knee,

Will attest the sad numbers devoted to thee!
 But no more doth the thumb of an abbot, I
 ween,

Cure a fit of the cholic, the gripes, or the
 spleen;

No more will a gift wipe away the foul leaven
 Of a harden'd old sinner, and send him to
 heaven;

The world is grown wiser—and men will no
 more

Kneel to worship the bones of a sanctify'd

Here has many a nun view'd with sorrow her
weeds,

Dropp'd a tear upon each, as she counted her
beads;

Here wafted a sigh to the regions above,
As she told to her sisters the tale of her love;
Here invok'd the dear shade, that once fed on
her charms,

And reluctantly breath'd a last sigh in her
arms!

Now thy pillars are broken and crumbled
away,

And thine ivy-crown'd walls make a night of
noon-day.

But now for a moral to this—let me see,

SUPERSTITION !

These ruins are all emblematic of thee !

By this time he thought dinner must
be ready, so he went to the inn, and
found it, to be sure, rather colder than
if he had gone half an hour sooner.
The next evening he arrived safely at
the old gentleman's, who had just time
to inform Eugenius that he had be-
queathed the estate on which he lived,

and a great part of his fortune, to him—when grasping his hand, he expired without a groan. Funeral solemnities were of course performed. The poor lunatic had already left this vale of sorrow and insanity, and Eugenius now enjoys ‘an elegant sufficiency, ease, and alternate labor;’ no cares to perplex him, he is at ease with all mankind: the pilgrim is always welcomed with hospitality, and the beggar with relief.



ON
THE CULTIVATION
OF
WASTE LANDS.

As the following essay has already appeared before the public in a periodical work, its insertion in this volume may require some explanation. In the first place, the subject of it is of such practical importance, that I wish the discussion to be extended as widely as possible: and secondly, many copious additions are incorporated in the present, which have never before been published.*

I may probably be indebted to Dr. Adam Smith—whose work is indeed ‘the Wealth of Nations’—for some remarks to which I cannot immediately refer; but no acknowledgment is intentionally omitted.

* THE CABINET, Vol. I.

‘The labor which is employed in the improvement and
‘cultivation of land, affords the greatest and most va-
‘luable produce to society.’ ADAM SMITH.

THERE are few things in which
the poorer classes of people ap-
pear to have mistaken their interest so
materially, as in their uniform opposi-

tion to the enclosure of waste lands. In general, if men be left to themselves, they will pursue their own interest, and consequently that of society, more directly and more successfully, than when any interference on the part of other people pretends to assist them. But a prejudice has long been entertained by the peasantry, that the enclosure of waste lands is to rob them of a right, and unfeelingly to deprive them of a support, which has been claimed as an inheritance, and immemorially enjoyed by their ancestors, without jealousy or molestation ; and so deeply is this sentiment ingrafted, that the man who proposes to apply for an act of parliament to enable him to take in a common, is looked upon by the village with an eye of hatred and suspicion.

It may not be totally unprofitable to consider the foundation of this prejudice, and attempt to discover whether it be truth or fallacy. In this essay, I

shall endeavor to answer one or two of the principal objections, and afterwards make some general observations on the subject.

I. In the first place, they object, that if a common be enclosed, and each man had *fairly and equitably* his portion, when that portion be divided among his sons, and among his sons' sons, their respective quota becomes almost annihilated: whereas each of them might have fed his cow or his sheep without any disturbance, to the latest posterity.

In reply to this, it may be observed, that a common CAN feed but a certain number of sheep, oxen, &c. &c. and that therefore, though each of these sons, and their son's sons, have the liberty of putting on his portion, that portion must diminish, as the number of those who claim the privilege increase, and consequently approximate

to annihilation, not sooner when enclosed than when common to all.

II. In the next place, they object, that the division would NOT be fair and equitable; that the lord of the manor and the clergyman would have more than justice can demand, or humanity sanction; that the legislature, in the division of waste lands, would

.... 'make a testament as worldlings do,
' Giving their sum of more, to that which
hath too much!'

that such lands, being at present in the strictest sense of the word *Common*, ought to be equally divided.

1st, With regard to the lord of the manor, it must be observed, that commons are usually *his property*. In feudal times, when the lord of the manor granted any parcel of land for service to be done, there was, of course, a necessity that the tenants should have beasts to plough and manure that land;

and these fallow, unenclosed grounds were appropriated for that purpose ; at length they became inseparably annexed by law to any grant of lands by the lord of the manor ;* so that it does not seem very unreasonable that HE, as the original proprietor, should have a larger share than other people, and particularly as the right of commonage is usually extensive, in proportion to the quantity of ground which any landholder may possess, and therefore is not in the strictest sense of the word *Common*.

2dly, With respect to the clergyman, I am afraid we cannot say so much ; that he should have, besides the share which he would be entitled to as a landholder, one-tenth of the produce of that portion which is distributed to other landholders, does certainly seem un-

* Blackstone, B. II. ch. 3.

reasonable, and is one among the numerous objections to the system of tything;* and indeed as the clergyman and his parishioners, in consequence of this system, are not always on the best of terms, without any other consideration than that of opposing what is so lucrative to him, they will often triumphantly negative the proposition for enclosure. But notwithstanding this objection, viz. that the clergyman has more than an equitable share, and of course, the landholders less, I hope to make it appear in the course of this essay, that they are still very materially benefited by the system of enclosure,

* It is curious to recollect that tythes, instead of being received by, were originally levied on, the clergy. The 'Saladine tenth' was imposed as well on the clergy of the Latin church, as the laity, in the defence of Palestine during the *holy* wars between Richard Cœur de Lion and that victorious infidel. The practice, says Mr. Gibbon, was too lucrative to expire with the occasion.

though not so much so as they would otherwise have been.

III. But there is one class of people—whose voices, I fear, would have very little influence in a debate on the subject—whom it may be somewhat difficult to convince, that they receive any benefit from the enclosure of waste lands; I mean those few who live by the side of a common, without having a foot of land which they may call their own, but have a privilege, though probably by courtesy, of feeding a cow or a sheep, and who would receive no portion of land from any enclosure; the situation of these people will be considered in the course of the following general remarks.

The most obvious truth respecting the enclosure and cultivation of waste lands is this: that they are indisputably rendered *more productive on the whole*; and from this circumstance, many collateral advantages are derived, which,

however certain, may not perhaps appear very evident without some further investigation.

I. THE RENT OF LAND WOULD BE
CHEAPER.

The dearness of a commodity always bears some relation to its scarcity; it is the case with enclosed lands; and nobody will dispute but that in England waste lands bear a very considerable proportion to those which are enclosed.* If many of the lands which at present are enclosed, were to be deprived of their fences and turned into

* From a late computation of Sir John Sinclair, it seems, that in Great Britain are about 22,351,000 acres of waste land; that, reckoning an annual increase of nine shillings an acre, the annual rent would amount to 10,057,950*l.* and on a supposition that the yearly produce per acre would be 1*l.* 7*s.* or three rents, it would be worth 30,075,850*l.* per ann. to the community.

commons, those which remained would immediately procure a higher rent; if, on the contrary, many of those which are at present common, were to be enclosed, there must be a proportionate fall of rent.

The rise and fall of rent, however, would be of very little detriment or benefit to the public, unless the commodity, thus subject to fluctuation, were in itself valuable; some commodities have a *relative*, others a *mixed*, and some again an *absolute* value; the value of a precious stone is merely relative; it has no intrinsic utility in the world; it can neither feed, clothe, nor lodge one single individual; its beauty and its scarcity,* but more particularly the latter quality, have alone stamped a value upon it; were diamonds to be met with as frequently as pebbles, the one would be of no more value than the

* Wealth of Nations, B. I. ch. 11.

other; and though at present they can *procure* both food, clothing, and lodging, in such circumstances they could do neither; indeed, they are baubles daily diminishing in value; the use of them has been entirely laid aside by the French nation, and an immense quantity having been brought into this country by the emigrants and sold to our jewellers, their value is very materially decreased. There are some commodities again, such as metals, the value of which is in part absolute, and in part relative; but of these, the grosser, such as iron, possess more of the former, and the finer, such as silver and gold, more of the latter: their value depends partly on their scarcity, and partly on their intrinsic utility. ‘After the discovery of the mines of Peru, the silver mines of Europe were the greatest part of them abandoned,’ as having little or no absolute value, and their relative value decreased with their scarcity; but land has an intrinsic and

absolute value, of which no increase of quantity, or of fertility, which amounts to the same thing, can possibly deprive it; its produce by cultivation, is always food, clothing, and lodging, or the materials for food, clothing, and lodging; when uncultivated, its produce is sparing, or at least its *useful* produce, for it bears as much though to less purpose, and is always proportionate to the degree of cultivation and the quantity cultivated.

Dr. Adam Smith, in the conclusion of the eleventh chapter of the first book of his *Wealth of Nations*, says, that
 ‘ every improvement in the circum-
 ‘ stances of the society, tends either
 ‘ directly or indirectly to RAISE the
 ‘ *real* rent of land,’—‘ that the exten-
 ‘ sion of improvement and cultiva-
 ‘ tion tends to raise it directly; the
 ‘ landlords share of the produce ne-
 ‘ cessarily increases with the increase
 ‘ of the produce.’ This, at first sight, seems to invalidate the proposition I am endeavoring to support, namely,

that the rent of land would be *cheaper* in consequence of enclosure; on the validity of the reasons which I have alleged, the reader must judge for himself, but I suspect there is some ambiguity of expression in the very valuable author I am quoting; since he apparently contradicts himself in the preceding part of the same chapter, where he says, 'the present *high* rent of enclosed land in Scotland seems owing to the *scarcity* of enclosure, and will probably last no longer, than that scarcity.' In fact there is not a doubt but that indirectly, land in the course of time would be *nominally* dearer, though with diffidence, I cannot agree with him that it would be *really* so; it is very evident that an acre of fertile ground will produce the landlord a higher rent, than the same quantity of barren land; but this is merely a *nominal* increase of rent; for though the tenant pay *more* rent, it may be

cheaper to him on the whole; that is, the proportion of the produce of this ground which he pays to the landlord, may be less; in other words, he can better afford to pay what is called a high rent for a fertile piece of ground, than a low rent for a barren one; therefore in fact, what may *really* be high, may be *nominally* low, and *vice versa*.

This cheapness of rent, moreover, as it would be an effect of abundant cultivation, would also operate as a cause of it: the greater the proportion of produce which the tenant enjoys, the stronger is his incentive, and the better is he enabled to multiply that produce. If a farmer be kept in continual poverty by exorbitant rent, it is obvious, both that his ability and inclination to improve his land, must wither and die away; for improvement requires capital; if his capital do not increase, his *ability* to prosecute improvement, to say the least of it, must be station-

ary, and if the lazy landlord enjoy an equal proportion of that improvement, with the industrious farmer, the *inclination* of the latter for exertion must be considerably discouraged. It is by the operation of a principle analogous to this, that tythes are so extremely injurious to the improvement of agriculture; the more laborious is the farmer, the more he pays to his clergyman. A very impolitic and deplorable tax on industry! If it be of importance to diffuse industry among a people, it should never be rendered ineffectual, nor suffered to pass unrewarded.

II. THE PRICE OF LABOR WOULD INCREASE.

Wages always increase in proportion to the demand for laborers, and the demand for laborers increases with the increase of the fund which is destined for the payment of those laborers.

‘ The revenue which is over and above
‘ what is necessary for the maintenance,
‘ and the stock which is over and above
‘ what is necessary for the employment
‘ of masters,* are the two funds destined for the payment of wages; the cultivation of waste lands would increase these funds, and consequently increase the price of labor.

It seems evident too, that more wages must be given to laborers, because more land would require to be cultivated, and there would be less competition of laborers, particularly as each man would be employed in the cultivation of his own portion of ground; so that instead of being under the necessity of seeking masters, and being at their mercy for the quantity of wages, masters would be under the necessity of seeking laborers, and consequently would increase that quantity by bidding against each

* Wealth of Nations, B. I. ch. 8.

other; therefore those persons who live by the side of a common, and make a little money by keeping a cow, &c. &c. would now receive employment, and liberal wages for that employment; and not only that, but these liberal wages would buy a greater quantity, even in proportion to their increase, than they would have done before; in other words, the same wages will now buy a greater quantity of corn than before, because corn would be more plentiful: but it is objected,

1st, If grain become cheap, the corn growers will get a better price for their commodity in a foreign market than at home, and will therefore export a greater proportionate quantity of it, than if it had sold for a good price at home. True; but if they export their corn, they will receive some other commodity in exchange, and various merchants will receive various commodities,

which will make *them* cheaper and more plentiful than before.

2dly, It is said, that if corn become cheap, butcher's meat becomes dear; that if so much land be employed in raising corn, less must necessarily be employed in feeding cattle.

This is also true; but if cattle be dear, a grazier will receive more profit by selling them than if they were cheap, and in course of time more profit than by selling corn; where any employment, however, has more than its proportionate share of profit, there will be a number of persons enter into it, who will soon restore the equilibrium; so that after a time it would be worth while to feed cattle on cultivated land, and then the same quantity of land would feed a greater number of cattle, and feed them better too than when uncultivated.

It is asserted in a late report of the

Board of Agriculture on the subject of waste lands, that if one man put a cow upon a common in the spring for nothing, and his neighbor give a farmer eighteen-pence a week for keeping another cow of equal value in an enclosure, when both be driven to market at Michaelmas, the difference of price will more than reimburse the latter for his expence, exclusively of the additional quantity of milk, which his cow would yield in consequence of her better food; and that with regard to sheep, if they be of a valuable sort, the difference is much greater.

3dly, It has been alleged that if we may anticipate the effect of future from the consequence of past enclosures, we shall not be inclined to entertain a very favorable idea of their utility; since several very important commodities are dearer now than they were twenty years ago, when many of the

lands were common which at present are taken into cultivation.

I am really surprised that any one should seriously conceive the high price of provisions to be the consequence of extended culture; that the dearness of a commodity should be the effect of its abundance. Surely, had he turned his eyes to the expences of government, he might have found a much more rational—I beg pardon—a much more probable solution of the difficulty; millions on the back of millions, in annual accumulation of our debt, subsidy after subsidy, loan after loan; these occasion that immensity of taxation which depresses industry, and will not allow labor the respite of an hour.

In less than the last twenty years, our national debt has been *increased* nearly TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS! In the year 1775, at the commencement of the American war, it amounted to

the sum of one hundred and thirty-eight millions; at present, 1795, it amounts to nearly THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLIONS.* The expences, moreover, of each succeeding year are increasing with a most fearful and formidable rapidity; those of the year 1794 exceeded those of the year 1793 almost seven millions sterling.†

These are the causes which operate the dearness of provisions, and which it is scarcely in the power of more extended cultivation to counterbalance;‡

* For a more minute and accurate statement, see Walker's 'Review of the Political Events of Manchester, &c.' Appendix.

† The present nefarious war against France and Liberty has already, April 1795, incurred an expence of between sixty and seventy millions, and a perpetual burden on the people of almost three millions, in melancholy addition to the former taxes. See Mr. Fox's Speech on the State of the Nation, March 24, 1795.

‡ See an exceedingly animated and well-written note, accounting for the depopulation of our villages,

but in a great measure it has counter-balanced them; for although many articles of convenience, and even of necessity, have been materially increased in their price within these twenty years, many others of equal importance have become considerably cheaper. Soap, salt, candles, leather, and fermented liquors, have indeed become a good deal dearer, 'chiefly,' says Adam Smith, 'from the taxes which have been laid upon them;' but esculent vegetables of almost every kind, are very much more procurable by the poor: turnips, carrots, cabbages,

and the overflow of our workhouses, in Belsham's *Memoirs of the reign of George III.* vol. I. p. 95. Mr. B. deprecates the nauseating eloquence displayed in our parliamentary prolusions, which, in proud and unblushing defiance of these notorious facts, represents with all the brilliancy—all the fiction of poetry, our insulted country to be in a state of unprecedented prosperity and happiness. But the misery of the cottage is forgotten in the splendor of the court.

potatoes, &c. I am extremely glad to see the Board of Agriculture has encouraged the cultivation of this latter root, by a very liberal premium.

4thly, It may be said that we should only *change* the direction of labor and the employment of stock; we should not *increase* either; for those people who are required to cultivate waste lands, must be drawn from towns, and the manufactories which are carried on in those towns. This objection leads me to a third general observation; namely,

III. THAT POPULATION WOULD INCREASE.

It is justly remarked, that as the cultivation of waste land requires an increase of laborers, these laborers must either be drawn from the country or from towns; that as the former cannot supply them, the latter must.

But here it may be observed, that if neither of these were overstocked before, it will not be able conveniently to spare them; there will consequently be a scarcity of laborers—wages will be high—and from this circumstance population will always increase. The liberal reward of labor encourages marriage, ‘and joined to the plenty and ‘cheapness of land, the laborers are ‘soon induced to leave their masters, ‘and to reward with equal liberality ‘other laborers, who soon leave them ‘for the same reason that they left their ‘first masters; the children are well ‘fed and properly taken care of, and ‘when they are grown up, the value of ‘their labor greatly overpays their ‘maintenance.’ *

This is the reason why population in new countries and new colonies always increases so much more rapidly

* Wealth of Nations, B. IV. ch. 7. Part ii.

than in any other; in America it has doubled itself within the last twenty years, notwithstanding the mortality occasioned by the war. From the last census taken by order of Congress, in the year 1791, it appears that the number of inhabitants in the United States amounted to 3,925,253.* And since that time, the population must have continued in a state of uninterrupted accumulation, as well from the abundant emigrations to that country from every European port, as from its internal state of tranquillity and happiness. In Great Britain, and most other European countries, population is not supposed to double itself within much less than five hundred years; but in America, a large family is a large fortune; in England, to the laboring class of the community, it is a burden of most serious weight.

* Morse's American Geography.

Now the cultivation of waste lands would operate exactly like the settlement of a new colony in the heart of our own country; for that immense portion of ground may at present be considered as little better than a blank in the map of England; much of it, perhaps, simply used as a passage to and from other parts of the kingdom. The instant these lands are taken into cultivation, therefore, they may fairly be regarded as an addition to our extent of territory; and as the number of inhabitants must for a time remain the same, the proportion which that number bears to this increased territorial extent is consequently diminished.

These lands, in consideration of their present unproductive state, would be disposed of at a very low rate, and many of them are remarkably rich. Those in the neighborhood of Wy-

'mondham and Attleburgh in Norfolk,
 'are equal to the finest land in the
 'county, worth at least twenty shil-
 'lings per acre, being capable of
 'making either good pasture, or pro-
 'ducing corn, hemp, or flax.* What-
 ever, therefore, of stock or labor should
 be employed upon such lands as these,
 would yield a very considerable profit;
 the owners would afford liberal wages
 to their laborers, and increase the num-
 ber of those laborers; these latter would
 rear little cottages, and each tenant
 might occupy a spot of ground, which
 in all probability he would cultivate
 with more care and fondness, than if
 it had been mingled among the thou-
 sand acres of a master.

The stock of cattle, moreover, ne-
 cessary for this cultivation would afford
 manure for the land, which manure, in

* Kent's View of the Agriculture of Norfolk,

rendering the land more prolific, would in return afford food for the cattle.

This cause, namely, the high price of labor, would operate with equal effect in towns and in the country: men would not leave the former for the latter, unless they were better paid for it; and they would be better paid for it on account of the scarcity of laborers; an immediate competition between the country masters and the town masters would ensue; the consequence of which, as has been before observed, would be an increase of wages—an increase of population—and of course an increase of happiness. The enclosure of all the waste lands in this kingdom, or of those which are worth cultivating, might perhaps be a temporary check upon manufactures, but could not possibly be of long duration; employments and high wages will always attract and literally create laborers.

Several other advantages might be enumerated: the cause of virtue and morality would be very materially promoted, for what can be more unfavorable to its prevalence, than a city, such as London, containing a million of inhabitants? Undoubtedly, there are more filth and habits of unwholesomeness, more corruption and profligacy of morals, than had the same number of inhabitants been diffused through a greater extent of country: the lower classes of people, and the higher too, grow keen only to become sharpers; beggary is the order of the day, profligacy and plunder occupy the night; every various vice can find a soil adapted to its growth in London. Our poor might be very comfortably employed and well provided for; many idle hands might be drawn from our large towns, and inured to habits of industry, and usefulness in the country. According

to the calculation of Mr. Kent; in the single county of Norfolk are upwards of eighty thousand acres of waste land, exclusively of the warrens and sheepwalks which usurp above sixty thousand more; of the former number, he calculates that were only two thirds cultivated, there would immediately be afforded an additional employment for ten thousand men, and how much better would be the employment of cultivating the wastes in our own country, than of defending those in Corsica, or fighting for those in the West Indies? But we neglect the riches in our own soil, and seek ore in the mines of our neighbor.

If the health of the community, moreover, ought to be an object of legislative attention, let any one compare the squalid garbs and cadaverous complexions which disgust the eye in large manufacturing towns, with the hale and

glowing features that exhilarate every country village, and decide whether on the principle of salubrity alone it be not politic to encourage the more equal distribution of human existence. But the legislature, so far from encouraging the system of enclosure, I am sorry to say, by the expence which is incurred in procuring the enactment of a bill for that purpose, very materially impedes it.* The Irish have set an admirable example, which before long, I fervently hope to see complimented with imitation by the English senate; it was enacted in the year 1792, that

* Though no very good friend to the present Minister, I should have no objection were he to impose a tax on all such barren lands as are capable of improvement; it should be observed, however, that the proprietors in this case must not be under the necessity of procuring an act of parliament at an enormous expence, that they may be legally enabled to enclose them. It would be cruel indeed to tax by the same law, both inactivity and exertion.

the cultivators of waste lands shall enjoy the produce of them for seven years, tythe free. A general enclosing bill also passed a century ago, in Scotland, by which the division of any common, with the ridiculous exception of those in which the crown or any royal borough is interested, may be procured at the instance of any one having an interest; and the expence is to be defrayed by the whole parties, proportionally to their respective shares.

The committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture, to take into consideration the present state of waste lands in this kingdom, have lately *printed* a report,* in which they recommend

* I am sorry the Board of Agriculture do not *publish* their Reports, or distribute a much greater number of them. After repeated ineffectual applications to various booksellers and various gentlemen, in order to procure their last Report, I was at length enabled, through the mediation of a friend—to bor-

that a motion be made in parliament on the subject, and after having stated the law for the division of commons, as it now stands, have suggested several alterations, in order to facilitate such divisions, and render them of as little expence, trouble, and uncertainty as possible. I am extremely glad to observe, that they have pleaded the cause of humanity and of poverty: they recommend a particular attention to the *rights* of the poor cottagers. It certainly is a very serious objection against enclosure, that the poor always oppose

row it. Surely the opinions of a society, so valuable and abundant in useful information, ought to be extended as diffusely as possible. I sincerely wish the whole of their Reports, together with the additional observations which they may have received from different quarters, were immediately published at an easy price; the Board would much more materially benefit the community than they do at present.

it; the committee therefore recommend that they should feel an immediate interest whenever such enclosure takes place; that their gardens be enlarged; that a decided preference be given to them with respect to locality, over the larger rights; that the burden of ring-fences be thrown on the larger commoners; that a portion of common be allotted for providing them with fuel, &c. the number of children too, in such a distribution, ought surely to be taken into consideration.

Any additional arguments to show the importance of extended cultivation, I should hope, would be superfluous; it may be observed, however, that all the produce of a country, over and above what is sufficient for home consumption, must be exported; as the cultivation of waste lands would increase the surplus produce of Great Britain, it must increase her exporta-

tion, which must increase her foreign trade, that again must increase her shipping, her force, her wealth, &c.

It were easy to continue the catalogue of benefits arising from each other, but surely it is unnecessary; the subject only requires consideration, to dissipate the prejudice against enclosure, as a prejudice in its operation extremely injurious to society.



Poetry.

Me juvet in gremio doctæ legisse puellæ,
Auribus et puris scripta probasse mea ;
Hæc ubi contigerint, populi confusa valet
Fabula !—

Propertius.

202

Index

Ita fuit in primo libro huius operis
Auctor et huius scripti proposita mea;
Et sic ubi congerit populi confusa valeo

Tabula I.

Epitome

MADNESS.

Written on a Cliff at Cromer.

HUSH; hush, Eliza—hush my love, nor 'wake
 With heedless step, yon melancholy form
 In moody trance that sits—let no rude noise
 Invade the solemn silence of his soul!
 Mark his wild front, Eliza, and his brows
 That o'er twin glaring eye-balls grimly roll.
 List—how the bleak winds whistle round his head,
 Lash his grey locks, and chill his feeble form!
 'Tis MADNESS 'self, that sighs the live-long night,
 And to the pale moon pours his sorrowing song!

'Twas erst, an aged ghost embroil'd the night,
 When Julia, 'midst the sinking seamen's howl,
 Alone was silent—was alone resign'd—
 And in a world of waters made her grave.
 The shatter'd vessel sank—this wretch escap'd,
 And no one liv'd to tell the fearful tale,
 Save his lorn self!
 But ever since, on yonder cragged cliff,
 When night rolls darkness from her hundred hills,
 Bereft of reason, this poor piteous soul
 Stalks fearless on the brink, and calls for Julia!

Sometimes, when heaven and earth should seem
convuls'd ;

When ev'ry toughest oak lies cleft in twain ;
When the rough breakers climb against the rock,
And drink the ragged splinters as they burst ;
This child of phrenzy loves to sit alone,
Weave the light sea-weed for his Julia's brow,
Or careless, scatter round the silv'ry sand.
And oft I've seen him too, in horrid joy
Play with the forked light'ning's deadly flash,
And with wild step to the deep thunder dance.

Sometimes, when silence settles on the sea,
And peaceful billows rock the world to sleep ;
With bosom bare, and haggard eye, pale cheek,
And all the dread accompaniments of woe,
He tears his flesh—hurls the astonish'd flock
Down the deep beach—and with ungrateful tooth
He gnaws the staff that sav'd him from destruction!*

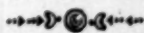
See, see, Eliza—now he bends his knee—
Now he calls Julia—now again he runs
To clasp a phantom—see how with fond embrace
He kisses it—and now, my love, he's happy !
Ah ! he starts back—and with an anger'd arm

* Supposed to be the solitary companion of his walks, and to have been made out of the plank upon which he escaped the wreck.

Beats the insulting blast—he feels, alas !
 That every fairest form eludes his grasp,
 That every Julia—is an empty wind !

Poor soul ! thou hast no interval of peace ;
 For at the noon of night, when wearied age
 And love-sick youth lay in the lap of sleep
 Their languid head, thou stalk'st alone, and pour'st
 Thy mournful accent to the list'ning winds !
 Or should thy restless brain, with ranting tir'd,
 Be lull'd one moment to forgetfulness,
 The next is harass'd with tormenting dreams,
 So black, so frantic, and so deadly wild—
 They mock imagination to conceive !

Come, come, Eliza, let us quit this dark,
 This melancholy scene ; let us retire
 To our own peaceful hermitage, my love,
 And to the God of Reason pour our praise.



TO SUSAN.

I

AH, Susan ! guard thy tender heart
 From flatt'ry's soft delusive song,
 Nor let the voice of truth depart
 Unheeded from an artless tongue.

II

No tale have I to charm thine ear,
 No eloquence, alas ! have I ;
 My tale is but a simple tear,
 And all my eloquence—a sigh !

III

But I've a cottage in the vale,
 With quiet and with plenty blest,
 Where oft I hear the stranger's tale,
 And welcome ev'ry wand'ring guest.

IV

There would I nurse thine aching head,
 When old and feeble thou art grown ;
 And when thy beauty shall have fled,
 Would love thee for thy worth alone.

V

Then Susan, calm this brow of care,
 Nor let me thus in sorrow pine ;
 Believe me, thou wilt never share
 A soul so full of love as mine.

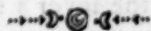
TO ANNA.

I

SWEET child of sickness! thy deep mournful sighs
 Too well relate the story of thy birth;
 Radiance has long refus'd to warm thine eyes,
 And thy pale cheek forgets the flush of mirth!

II

Though such thy fate for many a ling'ring year,
 Thou art so meek, so patient, and so mild;
 That from her hills retiring—with a tear
 Health sits, and envies sickness for her child.



To the same,

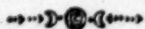
*On her departure to Bristol, for the re-establish-
 ment of her health.*

FAREWELL, sweet girl! and with thee go
 Each joy that love can wish and health bestow;
 From noise and dissipation fled,
 Thou seek'st in solitude to rest thy head!
 O may no foul unfriendly storm
 Lash with its wild wing thy poor spectred form,

Chill thy pale cheek, thy peace molest,
 Or cloud the sunshine of thy lovely breast;
 But may each various season roll
 Smooth as the placid current of thy soul!
 With coldness let them look on me,
 And ev'ry sweet they yield—be pour'd on thee!

Say—art thou pleas'd, sweet girl, to lave
 Thy snowy limbs in Severn's silv'ry wave?
 Or on his tufted banks reclin'd,
 To muse a silent converse with thy mind?
 His wildest foliage among,
 Say—wilt thou list the linnet's untaught song?

Anna! where'er *thyself* may be,
 Suffer a *thought* sometimes to dwell with me!
 I do not feign the lover's name,
 But boast the purer warmth of friendship's flame,
 And long to hail the happy day,
 When on thy cheek health's roseate beams shall play,
 When some kind soul shall crown thy life,
 My dearest Anna, with the name of WIFE!



On the Death of Anna.

I

HENCE ev'ry unavailing sigh,
 Far hence be every idle tear;

Thy soul hath wing'd her flight on high,
Where sorrow's accent comes not near !

II

Why should I wish thee back, my love ?
Why wish thee in this vale of woe ?
Thou liv'st in happiness above,
Thou left but little here below !

III

Anna—farewell ! I knew thy worth,
Nor will that knowledge die ;
The seed of friendship, sown on earth,
Will blossom in the sky.



Ode to a Spider.

TENANT of the haunted tow'r !
While some to Philomela's plaintive note
Or the gay warbling of the linnet's throat
Their tuneful sonnets pour ;

An humbler task be left to me—
One simple song to welcome thee!

Say—wilt thou weave thy trembling woof
In yon snug corner of my roof?
Or dost thou fear lest some nefarious elf
Destroy thy little cottage—or thyself?
Ah, no! I'll watch thee with a tender care,
And feed thee with a lib'ral fare;
Smile thy lonely hours away,
And gladden thy neglected day;
At night too, when from labor free,
I'll move my chair and chat with thee!
Or thou shalt crawl thy merriest pace
To come and spin before my face;
Then if I see thee tired, and linger,
Thou shalt ride back upon my finger;
At night too, thou shalt rest upon my bed,
To keep the little flies off from my head,
But mark—thou shalt not hurt a single soul—
For why should these poor harmless creatures die?
Why hast thou no compassion on a fly?
Then let their life, like thine, uninjur'd roll!

Friend of my poverty! welcome to my board,
Here share the food my simple meals afford.
While man forsakes his brother in distress,
To court the vain magnificence of dress;

Turns from the cottage to the palace door,
 Fawns to the rich, and proudly spurns the poor;
 Neglected insect! thou art pleas'd to dwell
 In some lone crevice of the captive's cell;

To list the unavailing sigh,
 And drink the tear from Mis'ry's eye;
 In solemn sympathy, to hear
 The hollow murmurs of despair;
 Thou shun'st the gay and gaudy crowd,
 The splendid mansion of the proud,
 To cheer the wight, whose humbler lot
 Hath doom'd him—tenant of a cot.

Then live with me—nor shalt thou fear
 The hand of 'hard unkindness' here;
 No fairy band shall here resort,
 To fright thee with their midnight sport;
 No sullen ghost with angry crest
 Shall rob thee of thy wonted rest;
 But in the winter's deadly storm
 I'll light my little fire to keep thee warm;
 Often my lov'd Eliza too
 Shall come and ask you how you do;
 Thus we'll spin the hours along,
 Thou thy web, and I my song.

Ode to Snugness.

COME then, old boy—with thee to pass the hour,
 I care not how the clouds of fortune lour !
 But thou look'st cold—then sit thee by the fire ;
 Come, draw thy chair—nay, draw it little nigher,
 I will not hurt thee—let us sit together,
 And chat about the politics and weather.
 But that old coat in this foul friendless night,
 When the wind whistleth and the cold doth bite,
 So ragged, out at elbows, and so bare,
 —It really is not fit for thee to wear—
 Thou look'st so lean too, and so very poor,
 As if thy bread were begg'd from door to door.

Ah ! didst thou leave thy native vale,
 To listen Folly's vacant tale ?
 Didst thou desert thy babbling brook,
 Thy willow'd walk, thine ancient oak,
 Where Sue, when Harry was unkind,
 Would sigh her sorrows to the wind,
 And hope to lead a happier life
 Where Bacchus holds his court of strife ?
 Ah ! didst thou look for peace and quiet
 Amidst the sons of noise and riot ?

Or didst thou seek, alas ! for rest
 Where Lux'ry sits in ermin'd vest ?
 Where Dissipation's wanton train
 Dance on Pleasure's fairy plain ?

How oft I've seen thee with my sire
 Sit on the salt-box by the fire,
 Thy pipe of best Virginia smoaking,
 Puffing, laughing, quaffing, joking ;
 While the merry tale went round
 And the song of nasal sound ;
 While Ned would slyly steal a kiss
 —Which Molly never took amiss—
 And when the parson told his tale
 —Would snap his pipe or drink his ale—
 Ah ! didst thou quit these simple scenes,
 And hope to live with kings and queens ?

Yet come, old boy—I'll not complain,
 But welcome thee at home again ;
 I'll broach a cask of old October,
 Keep thee warm and keep thee sober ;
 This moment too I'll get thee down
 A good large comfortable gown ;
 Clap a faggot on the fire,
 Pile it up and pile it higher ;
 And thou shalt ever live with me,
 From care and cankering sorrow free.

Never mind the pelting show'r
 Nor the howling tempest's roar ;
 Let Winter flap his wither'd wing
 We will jest and we will sing,
 We will cheer the darkest day,
 And help the heaviest hour away ;
 When death, too, shake his fatal spear
 And place me on the clay-cold bier,
 SNUGNESS ! 'tis my warmest will
 To have thee by me, even still ;
 Then in spite of wind or weather,
 In the grave we'll lie together.



DESPAIR.

A SONG.

BLOW, blow you bleak winds o'er the hill,
 Rush ye rains of the night down the vale,
 May a torrent inundate each rill,
 And a hurricane roar in each gale ;
 Flash lightnings and pierce my poor brain,
 Roll ye thunders in terrible roar,
 For my Lucy, the pride of the plain,
 My Lucy, alas ! is no more !

II

Be barren each blossom of spring,
 Be blasted each fruit of the earth,
 Let sorrow strike ev'ry string,
 And drown the wild music of mirth;
 Be each mariner wreck'd on the main,
 Be his cries the lone song of the shore,
 For my Lucy, the pride of the plain,
 My Lucy, alas! is no more!

III

All night let me wander alone,
 Be the bat of yon cloyster my friend,
 Let the screech-owl instruct me to moan,
 And all nature in silence attend;
 To me consolation is vain,
 To me the wide world is no more,
 For my Lucy, the pride of the plain,
 My Lucy, alas! is no more!

TO MARIANNE.

I

It was not thy beautiful face, my dear maid,
 That could rob my poor heart of its rest;
 Nor the blush on thy cheek that so wantonly play'd
 When enamour'd I lay on thy breast;

II

It was not the dimple that sports on thy chin,
 Nor the radiance that beams from thine eye,
 Nor the rose of thy lip, nor the snow of thy skin
 Could thus steal all my soul in a sigh!

III

It was not thy musical voice—yet of this
 I have ne'er heard the equal before;
 Nor that sweet little Rondo—nor even the kiss
 Which thou gav'st when I call'd it encore.

IV

No, no, Marianne, for all these I could find
 In each damsel that trips o'er the green;
 But where, my sweet girl, is thy masculine mind
 In so lovely a form to be seen?

V

With thy kindly converse to cheer my retreat,
 Winter's self shall look lovely and gay;
 And surly December relinquish his seat
 To the milder dominion of May.

VI

No tempest shall darken our vine-cover'd grove,
 No storm hover over our vale;
 But dove-eyed Simplicity dwell in our cot,
 And Peace float in every gale.

VII

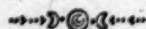
Shouldst thou hush my deep sighs then, my anguish
assuage,

And attend the fond tale of my tongue,
The loves of our youth shall be sung by old age,
And the joys of our age, by the young.



AD GALLAM.

Galla! tibi totus sua munera dedicat annus:
 Ver, roseas malas, et labra rubentia pingit;
 Mille oculis ignes radiantibus imprimit Ætas;
 Autumnus, duo poma sinu, duo fraga recondit;
 Quod reliquum est, aspergit Hyems candore nivali.



BONEFONII BASIUM. I.

AD PANCHARIDEM.

NYMPHA bellula, nympa mollicella,
 Cujus in roseis latent labellis,
 Meæ deliciæ meæ salutes;
 Nympa, quæ veneres venusta tota
 Omnes omnibus una surpuisti,
 Amabò, mihi basium propina,
 Quò tandem meus acquiescat ardor.

Ah! ne basiolum mihi propina,
 Nam contrà magis excitatur ardor;
 Sed mî suge animam halitu suavi,
 Dum nil quicquam animæ mihi supersit.

Translations.

TO GALLA.

Galla! the seasons of each circling year,
 To thee, my love, their choicest off'rings bear:
 Spring, thy young cheek with blushful purple dies,
 And Summer lights her lustres in thine eyes;
 Autumn, her apples in thy bosom throws,
 And Winter clothes thee with her whitest snows.



FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS. KISS I.

TO PANCHARIS.

LOVELY nymph of softest skin,
 Blushful cheek and dimpled chin,
 Whose pouting lips of rosiest hue,
 E'en Venus may with envy view;
 Come, and thy burning kiss impart,
 Come, quell this tumult of my heart.

But no—for every kiss will more
 Inflame my blood, too hot before;
 Yet come, nor do thy kisses stay,
 Till thou hast suck'd my soul away!

Ah! ne, ne mî animam, puella suge :
 Namque exors animæ, quid ipse tandem
 Quid sim vana nisi futurus umbra,
 Et errans Stygiis imago ripis ?
 Infaustis nimis ah ! nimisque ripis,
 Quæ nullam venerem et suavitatem,
 Nullas delicias jocosque nôrunt !

Imò tu mî animam, puella suge !
 Suge dum mî animæ nihil supersit ;
 Dúmque molliculi comes Catulli,
 Dúmque molliculi comes Tibulli,
 Eam pallidulas et ipse ad umbras,
 Et errem Stygiis imago ripis.

Tum vicissim ego, Pancharilla, sugam
 Tuæ florem animæ suaveolentis
 Dúm nil quicquam animæ tibi supersit ;
 Dúmque Lesbiolæ Catullianæ,
 Dúm comes Nemesis Tibullianæ,
 Eas pallidulas et ipsa ad umbras,
 Et erres Stygiis imago ripis.

Namque illic etiam suos amores
 Exercere piæ ferentur umbræ ;

Ah! do not thus inhale my breath,
 And send me to the shades of death;
 For if thou suck'st my soul away,
 What shall I be—but lifeless clay!
 A spectre, doom'd to love no more,
 But wander round the Stygian shore!
 Ah, luckless, luckless shore! where no glad sound
 E'er cheers the midnight shades that gloom around;
 And where no music ever learns to flow,
 Save the lone song of sorrow and of woe!

Yet come, sweet girl, complete my bliss,
 And drink my soul in eager kiss;
 Then where Catullus' peaceful shade
 And where Tibullus' soul have stray'd,
 There will I tell the tales of yore,
 And wander round the Stygian shore.

Then, Pancharillis, will I sip
 Thy soul, too, from that lovely lip;
 Then drink thine aromatic breath,
 And waft thee to the shades of death;
 That thou to Lesbia's hallow'd shade,
 And Nemesis—departed maid!
 May sweetly tell the tales of yore,
 And wander round the Stygian shore.

For there, if fable tell us true,
 Pious ghosts their loves renew;

Et illic Nemesim suam, Tibullus,
 Et illic quoque Lesbiam, Catullus
 Fertur pallidulo ore suaviari,
 Sic illic, mea Pancharilla, tete
 Pallens pallidulam suaviabor ;
 Illi ut primi etiam duces amoris,
 Palmâ jam veteri superbientes,
 Et se à me fateantur et stupescant
 Victos multivolâ osculatione.



BASIIUM V.

AD ANIMUM SUUM,

Quo mî sic animum repentè fugit ?
 Fugit, quod reor, ad meam puellam ?
 Ad illa aurea vinc'la convolavit.

Ah quò in exitium ruis, miselle ?
 Hi quos aureolos putas capillos
 Quæ tibi aureolæ comæ videntur,
 Non sunt aureolæ comæ aut capilli,
 Sed sunt vincula, compedes, catenæ ;
 Sed sunt retrâ, nexilesque casses,

There, with pale encircling arms,
 Catullus folds his Lesbia's charms ;
 Nemesis there, the shades among
 Listens to Tibullus' song ;
 There too, while fate shall hush his storm,
 We'll clasp each other's phantom form,
 Kiss the laughing hours away,
 Kiss by night and kiss by day ;
 Till in the contest every ghost
 Shall own, my love—we kiss the most.



KISS V.

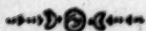
TO HIS HEART.

Whither, thou little vagrant sprite,
 Would'st thou wing thy thoughtless flight ?
 To Pancharillis wouldst thou flee ?—
 If so, a long farewell to thee !

Ah shun those locks of golden hair
 That float so lighty in the air,
 Whispering to each wanton wind
 With syren smile and kisses kind ;
 Or on her snowy bosom sleep,
 Or slyly down in ringlets creep ;

Quibus si semel occupatus hæres,
Peribis moneo, ah miser peribis,
Nec ad me poteris miser redire !

Usque ab unguiculis meam pererres
Totam denique Pancharin retractes ;
Illius licèt ebrius lepore,
Incubes oculis, labris, papillis ;
Verùm cautius invola capillis !
Nam prædico iterùmque tertiumque,
His si retibus occuperis unquam,
Peribis, miser, ah miser peribis,
Nec ad me poteris miser redire !



BASIVM XV.

AD PANCHARIDEM.

Quo sic, Diva fugis ? quid sic deserta pererras
Avia, nec nostrî, nec memor ipsa tui ?
Non metuis, fauni ne, dùm incommitata vagaris,
Injiciant rapidas in tua colla manus ?

Ah, shun them—for each lock of hair
 Conceals some dark and deadly snare,
 Some fetter, or some fatal chain,
 Whence thou wilt ne'er return again !

Around her thou may'st freely fly ;
 E'en on her bosom thou may'st lie,
 Rest upon her ruby lip,
 And the nectareous juices sip ;
 But little wanton rogue, beware
 The curly mazes of her hair !
 Thither if thou once shouldst fly,
 Believe me thou wilt surely die,
 And leave thy master to deplore
 That he shall never see the more !



KISS XV.

TO PANCHARIS.

A free Translation.

Ah! why, my sweet girl, dost thou fly from these
 arms
 Over rocks and o'er deserts to stray ?
 Where each riotous satyr may rifle thy charms,
 And steal all thy roses away ?

Hos tu, Diva, tuis longè complexibus arce,
Nec patere ingenuis oscula ferre genis.

Nec verò sic te oblitam nostrique tuique
Crediderim, licèt est suspiciosus amor :
Ut quibus effœtos artus depasta senecta est,
Quêis vires penitùs deriguere gelu ;
Et denso vestita quibus præcordia villo,
Et suffusa genis hispida barba riget ;
Anteferas, mea vita, mihi, cui corpore sanguis
Integer, et pingit prima juvena genas ;
Quamquam adversa mihi, et nimium contraria votis,
Non adeò adversam te tamen esse putem.

At vos vel manibus, fauni, violare puellam
Parcite, delicias nec temerate meas ;
Furtivâ nec falce meas invadite messes :
Totus ut hujus ego, tota puella mea est.

Sed quid te deserta juvat per lustra vagari,
Totne per anfractus me, mea vita, fugis ?
I, fuge per nemora et saltus, per inhospita tesqua :
Per nemora et saltus, per quoque tesqua sequar.

Invia nulla mihi fuerit via, sive natatu
Flumina, seu cursu vis superare juga ;

Ah! guard them, my love, with solicitous care,
 Let them blossom unfaded for me ;
 Nor forget, when alone thou shalt wander afar,
 The sad shepherd that sorrows for thee.

Old age o'er my head, has not scatter'd his snows,
 Nor with icicles frozen my heart ;
 Through every vein my blood cheerily flows,
 Good humor and health to impart.
 No sullen indifference deadens my eye,
 No moroseness encircles my brow ;
 Sensibility sometimes solicits a sigh
 —And a tear when I think upon you !

Ah! spare her, ye fauns! spare the girl of my soul,
 Let her roam unmolested and free;
 Nor with plundering sickle, unfeelingly spoil,
 The rich harvest that's ripening for me.

But why over rock and o'er desert away,
 Dost thou seek to escape from my view ?
 Ah Pancharis ! trust me, wherever you stray,
 There shall I with impatience pursue.

In vain shall the hollow winds riot around,
 Or the lightnings insultingly flash;

Nec me vel densus lapidosæ grandinis imber
 Arceat, aut rapidi vis furiosa Noti ;
 Nec me flagranti revocârit Sirius astro,
 Nec nivis æternæ terra adoperta gelu ;
 Nil me terruerit ; quin quod natura pavorque
 Ingenitus refugit, sponte capessat amor.

Fallor ego ? haud nostros sic aversaris amores ;
 At tentare lubet, quàm mihi certa fides.
 Non igitur pulsata mihi tot planctibus astra,
 Non mihi tot sylvis carmina dicta tuis,
 Tot suscepta mihi discrimina cæca viarum,
 Tot superati æstus, tot superatæ hyemes :
 Tot mihi decursæ per opaca silentia noctes
 In te sunt animi pignora certa mei,

His licuit tentâsse satís. Jam parce labori
 Ingrato ; ingrata, lux mea, parce fugæ.
 Sed fugit ah, ventisque preces ludibria mandat
 O nimiùm sortis aspera fata meæ !

Or the thunder-clap shake with convulsions the
ground,

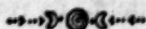
And each cavern re-echo the crash :
In vain o'er my head shall the ragged rock scowl,
And the cataract double its force ;
No danger shall daunt my inflexible soul,
Nor impede my impetuous course.

But perhaps, my sweet girl, thou mayst love me
e'en now,

And this coyneſs, perhaps, is to prove
How ſincere was the ſpirit that breath'd in my vow,
And how true is the language of love ;
Ah ! Pancharis, how many proofs have I given,
And how many yet have in ſtore ?
Go number the ſtars, that enamel the heaven,
Or the ſands that are waſh'd on the ſhore ;
Count how many dew-drops beſpangle the thorn ;
In yon field count the kernels that wave ;
Count the myriads that live in each beam of the
morn,
And that find in each evening a grave !

Then pity, ah ! pity this languishing moan,
And kindly attend to my pray'r ;
No more, my ſweet girl, let me ſorrow alone,
And pour the ſad ſigh of deſpair !

Sic ego sum duræ natus servire puellæ ?
 Sic erit, immitis semper ut angat amor ?



BASIIUM XXIII.

VENI ad Pancharidem meridiatum
 Quum mox insolito fragore cælum
 Concussum tonat, igniumque latè
 Trisulcis jaculis coruscat æther.
 Illa fœmineo pavore languens
 Ruit protinus in sinus amantis :
 Et serva miseram, inquit illa, serva.

Ego sollicitam et nimis paventem
 Sustentans gremio, quid, O ! puella,
 Quid me poscis opem ? jubésque, tete
 Ut servem, nimiùm meticulosa ?
 Quæ sic fulgura vana pertimescis
 Tonitrûsque paves inane murmur ?
 Quin me, me miserum, puella, serva,
 In quem letiferis tuis ocellis
 Multò fulgura tu maligniora,
 Multò fulmina sæviora vibras !

But ah! my lov'd Pancharis flies from these arms,
 Over rocks and o'er deserts to stray ;
 There each ruffian satyr will rifle her charms
 And steal all her roses away.



KISS XXIII.

WHEN forked lightnings flash'd around,
 And pealing thunders rock'd the ground,
 Pancharis came with trembling charms,
 And rush'd into her lover's arms :
 ' Save, O ! save this tender form,
 ' Save me from the ruthless storm ;
 ' Hide me from this anger'd sky,
 ' Hide, O ! hide me, or I die ! '

While with the gentlest care I prest
 Her panting bosom to my breast :
 ' Why dost thou call on me, my queen,
 ' To guard thee from this playful scene ?
 ' *These* lightnings but in frolic fly ;
 ' With joy *these* thunders shake the sky ;
 ' Rather, sweet girl, with suppliant knee,
 ' Should I protection seek from thee ;
 ' Believe me, from thy sparkling eyes,
 ' That far more deadly lightning flies,
 ' And when thou bidst thy swain depart,
 ' Far deeper thunders rend *his* heart ! '

AD AMICUM MYRONEM.

SIT in deliciis puella, Myro,
Quæ claris radiat superba gemmis,
Quæ monilibus atque margaritis
Tota conspicua atque onusta tota est :
Sit in deliciis amoribusque,
Quæ cretâ sibi, quæque purpurisso,
Et veneficiis colorat ora.

Placet, Myro, mihi puella simplex,
Cui nativa genas rubedo pingit,
Nativusque pudor : placet puella
Ore virgineo et desente cultu,
Artis nescia, negligensque fuci :
Placet denique, quæ nihil monilis,
Nil gemmæ indiga, nilque margaritæ,
Pollet ipsa satis suapte formâ.

KISS XXVI.

TO HIS FRIEND.

HENCE be the nymph, whose beauties owe
 To the deep Tyrian die, their glow ;
 Around whose syren neck are hung
 Pearls and rubies richly strung ;
 Hence—let her dance on Pleasure's plain,
 And wanton with the Cyprian train.

Give me, my friend, the artless maid
 Sprung from yon valley's peaceful shade ;
 With flowing locks of auburn hue
 Dipp'd in the morning's silver dew ;
 Roses on whose lip do grow ;
 Whose neck is cloath'd with native snow ;
 And round whose cheek of blushing red
 Health has her vermil pencil spread.
 I hate the riches of the East,
 The ruby, or the rainbow vest ;
 Gods ! let me fold within my arms,
 The nymph whose wealth—are native charms !

Rhapsody.

TO MARY.

Quid prodest cœlum votis implere ?

.....

..... Tecum ut longæ sociarem gaudia vitæ
Inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu.

TIBULLUS.

AH, Mary! didst thou but know what a stream of sorrow thou hast poured upon my heart; how many a 'joyous riot of the affections' thou hast overwhelmed; how deeply thou hast poisoned my small cup of pleasure; indeed, Mary, it would grieve thee—it would much grieve thee, Mary, for thou canst not opiate thy feelings.

Oh, that I could quiet these reflections! that I could call Insensibility to lull them into forgetfulness! Yet no—I would not exchange this luxurious melancholy for the intemperate festivity of the bacchanal; I would not exchange my sigh of sorrow for the loudest laugh of folly!

Mary, how couldst thou tell me to depart? Dost thou not believe I love thee? Ay, from my deepest

soul, I love thee! and in imagination often have I encircled thee in my arms, often have I accompanied thy evening walk, and marked the tear trembling in thine eye, when misery or poor old age implored thy bounty! Often have I culled the choicest flowers of Spring—the richest fruits of Autumn to pour into thy lap! Often have I heard the bleak wind howling on the heath, while Fancy's delusive pencil pictured thee sitting in sweet converse by my side in some peaceful hermitage, smiling at the storm! Ah, Mary! guard me with a chaplet formed by thy fairy fingers, or o'er my forehead wave thy wing of love—let the deep thunders roll around my head, I heed them not! but, alas! thy chaplet guards some happier brow, and thy wing of love waves over the forehead of some more favored youth!

Fondly did I hope with thee to have breathed the air of tenderness and affection; to have fled the noise of folly and dissipation, and with thee to have wandered among the silent scenery of Nature! then would I have chased every wrinkle from thy cheek, hushed all thy cares to rest, and smiled thy sorrows into peace! Fondly did I hope we might together have slid into grey old age, and on each other's breast have breathed our last!

The dream is over, and I am unhappy! But Mary, thou hearest not my sighs! they reach not the recesses of thy heart! Alas! thou knowest not

what thou hast inflicted—thou seest not these
 sunken eyes—thou feelest not this pulse of soli-
 tude and languor—thou hearest not this faltering
 of the voice—thou perceivest not this agitation of
 the spirits, these lacerated feelings, this affected
 gaiety—Ah, Mary! thy nightly pillow is not wetted
 with the tear of sorrow—thy slumbers are not inter-
 rupted with distracting dreams—thy hour of soli-
 tude is not haunted with the spectre of despair—
 Mary! thou knowest not what thou hast inflicted—
 thou knowest not the pangs of unrequited affec-
 tion—nor may they ever find accession to thy
 breast! May every morning welcome thee with
 gladness, and every evening smile peacefully upon
 thee! may no gale visit thee with roughness—no
 cloud obscure the sunshine of thy soul! And may
 that happier youth, with whose affections thine own
 are tuned in unison, if it be not possible to love thee
 so well as I do—may he deserve thee better!

Farewell, Mary! a long farewell!

Ode

TO

SLEEP.



OH Sleep! in whose mysterious cell,
 The foulest phantoms—and the loveliest dwell,
 Circling thy throne in deepest night
 With slow and sullen step, or airy flight;
 Oh Sleep! around this wearied head—
 These aching temples—be thy poppies spread!
 Grant me one hour of calm repose,
 One hour's oblivion to these rending woes!
 But ah! like her my soul adores, thine ear
 Is shut, alas! against the wretch's pray'r;
 Like Mary, thou canst smile at sorrow's sigh,
 Pale Melancholy's moan, and Misery's tearful eye!

Hence, hence insulting fiend—nor o'er this brow,
 Already frantic, wave thy wand of woe!
 Curse thy foul spectres, that at noon of night
 Flit round my pillow and invade my sight,
 Flap their black wings and sing in deadly screams,
 With wither'd fingers as they weave my dreams:

See, how the vultures rend yon bleeding heart,
 Tear its fine nerves and pluck at every part ;
 See how they riot in its pain,
 Snap their sharp beaks for joy, and pluck again !
 Ah ! did I ever tear a heart,
 Infuse one sorrow, or one pang impart ?
 Say, Mary, have I robb'd *thy* breast,
 My love, of one short moment's rest,
 Or caus'd one joy to cease ?
 Ah no ! but thou rememb'rest well
 The hour, in which was rung the knell
 Of *my* departed peace !

Then curse thy spectres Sleep—be the foul band
 Where Murder wipes his bloody hand,
 Or in dark concealment lurks
 Watching how the poison works ;
 Where Rapine digs his midnight way
 To hide his plunder from the day ;
 Or where Assassination stands,
 The poinard trembling in his hands ;
 Where skulking Guilt in darksome cell
 Hid from the sun-beam, loves to dwell,
 Shrinking at the thunder's crash,
 And at the lightnings livid flash ;
 There let thy hellish fiends resort
 And in their mystic mazes sport.
 But ah ! let me the live-long night
 Watch by the taper's lonely light,
 Count the sand from glass to glass,
 And glad the minutes as they pass.

Fondly dwell on Mary's charms,
Though they elude these longing arms ;
Nor let me feel thy hateful pow'r
Till shall arrive the fated hour,
When in thy sablest robe array'd,
Thou beck'nest to that peaceful shade
Where no ghastly dreams molest,
No sorrows canker in the breast ;
There with thy sister DEATH to dwell
In silent realms and ever-midnight cell !



Errata.

- P. 24, L. 10, for 'invective' read 'inventive.'*
--- 39, --- 5 *from the bottom, for 'don' --- 'dout.'*
--- 113, --- 5, *for 'inamorato' --- 'innamorata.'*
--- 128, --- 15, *for 'was' --- 'were.'*
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